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THE LIFE AND BATTLES

OF

JOSH. HUDSON,

THE JOHN BULL FIGHTER.

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On Monday the bustle commenced, and the milling coves showed in lots—Tom Belcher, Shelton, Peter Crawley, Sampson, Oliver, Peace Inglis, Stockman, Jem Ward, Bill Gibbons, Scroggins, Redman, O'Neal and Harry Holt. The eloquent and elegant Pal of the Commissary General, as a mark of his good taste, partook of the waters of Leamington, and discanted upon the properties of the above pure liquid, with the ability of a Farquhar; and observed, on quitting the Pump Room, to the attendant, that he should take it into his serious consideration, the next man he had to train, of having the cove purified, before he began his work, at the Fount of Leamington. Mr. Holt, also, as a proof that fighting men possess "souls above buttons," observed to his pal, Bill Gibbons, that it would positively be a libel to pass the splendid library of Mr. Elliston. "What, of Old Drury?" cried Bill; "I knows him well." Here's book-ing it, indeed," says Harry, as he passed through the immense library, capacious, elegant, reading apartment, and splendid assembly rooms. "I wish him success, Bill he's one of us, you know; we belong to the stage." "Aye, and a good one, too, blow me," echoed Gib. "Bravo, Bill, you would scarcely believe it," said Harry, putting on a genteel look, "this library cost the manager £30,000!—There's spirit, for one individual to accommodate the public without any assistance." "Well, then, all I have to say is, I hope that Master Elliston may never want for backers."

At six o'clock in the evening, Cannon arrived at the Regent Hotel, Leamington, accompanied by his most generous patron and backer, Mr. Hayne, Mr. Jackson, and other swells, with Tom Cribb and Richmond on the box, in a carriage and four. All was now life and happiness and betting in every direction, as to the qualifications and success of the combatants. The John Bull Fighter was decidedly the favorite, at 5 to 4; and in spite of all the rumors of a ✕ between Aaron and Curtis, the Pet was backed at even, and taken for choice.

At the Royal Hotel all were as gay as larks, the friends and backers of Hudson sporting their blunt, and drinking their champagne, toasting, "May the best man win." The Company at the Regent were equally slap-up, with Mr. Hayne in the chair; and not a speck of animosity to be met with in either of the parties, but liberal and polite to each other on meeting, on the true principles of Old English courage and hospitality.

A public meeting of all the Boxers of in Warwick was held by the Commander-in-Chief, at Mr. Timms's, the George, in Warwick, at nine o'clock in the evening, to regulate the wagons, &c. Mr. Jackson, accompanied by Mr. Hayne, Captain Radford, &c. were cheered upon their arrival; and, after the business of the meeting being settled, half-a-bull was collected for the visitors to make a Yorkshire-Club, and that all of the men might stand upon an equal footing, and give their opinions without restraint, as well as to give Timms a benefit, lots of black strap was forthcoming immediately, when a cove of some standing in the Fancy, gave the health of Mr. Hayne, the backer of Cannon, whom he characterized as a gentleman of liberal and manly feelings—whose generous support of the Boxing School entitled him to the warmest expression of their attachment.—This toast was drank with loud acclamations.

Mr. Hayne, in returning thanks, assured the meeting, that his only motive in coming forward to encourage the Prize Ring, or rather its members, was to support a meritorious and brave fellow, as he considered Cannon to be, and to uphold the characteristic and manly spirits which he considered peculiarly the pride of Britons. [Applause.] With regard to Cannon, he could assure the meeting, that honesty was his polar star; and that, in the approaching contest, he would do all in his power to preserve those laurels unfaded which he had already plucked from the brow of his experienced antagonist. 'Tis true, he could not "command success," but "he would do more—he would deserve it." [Cheers.] He had only to add, that, whether Cannon won or lost, this was the last time he would appear as a Prize Fighter. In quitting a profession, however, which he was induced to adopt under very peculiar circumstances, he felt no animosity towards his fellow-labourers in the same vineyard, and would be at all times proud to give them the hand of friendship. He trusted a reciprocal feeling would be manifested towards him. [The milling coves roared out a hearty assent.] Mr. Hayne concluded by stating that he had only one bet on the result—he had taken £350 to £300 against Cannon.

The health of the backers of Hudson was also proposed by the same blade, and was drunk with the same spirit accompanied by three times three.

Mr. Jackson then, for the amusement of the company, requested Jem Ward to show his arm; the anatomical beauty of which delighted every one present, and more particularly a surgeon, who declared that in the whole course of his practice, he had never seen any arm half so fine. Oliver stripped, and Mr. Jackson placed Tom in several attitudes, in order to show the action and beauty of the muscles. The back, the neck, shoulders and arms of Oliver, are a perfect study; and the word beautiful may be applied again, without offending the most fastidious person. The arm of White-headed Bob also excited much admiration, as did the arm of Philip Sampson. These were interesting moments to all present; nay, more, instruction and information were derived from the above athletic display, and Messrs. Flaxman, Carlyle, Turner, Fuseli, and Soan, would have deemed it a treat.

The night was a stormy one, something after the manner described by Macbeth "Chimneys were blown down," &c. portending some great event; and Tuesday morning was ushered in by Boreas in the most tremendous manner; strong enough to "blow off" all the nobs of the company assembled to see the fight.

The stage was erected by Mr. Taylor, of Warwick, under the immediate direction of Pierce Egan, taking the one erected at Chichester for Spring and Langan as his model. It was six feet from the ground, supported by eight substantial posts, and the upper rail was four feet eight inches from the surface. There was also a narrow shelving skerting board at the bottom, to prevent the heads of the men from coming in contact with the edges of the boards. The angular sides of the rails ware planed round and thus additional care was taken to prevent accidents.—On the side of the ring next the Grand Stand, a small platform was raised for the accommodation of the umpires and referees, their heads coming in a line with the heads of the men. Mr. Atkins, the Clerk of the Course, who had the care of the Stand, was particularly attentive.

The arrival of Hudson, in a post-chaise and four, was announced by loud cheers, at half-past twelve o'clock he entered the room in the Race-stand set apart for him, and appeared as comfortable and as jolly in his own mind, as if the event had been over. His dress gave the John Bull Fighter the appearance of a swell dragsman. Peter Crawley and Philip Sampson, with their white toppers, and neat striped light-blue linen jackets, made their appearance rather interesting.

Tom Cannon was close after his opponent, in the carriage of his backer; in which were Mr. Jackson, Mr. Hayne, and Captain Radford; and, outside, were Tom Cribb, Spring and Richmond. Spring left Hereford on purpose, and had arrived an hour or two previous. Cannon was cool and collected, and observed, "He wished the best man might win and wear it." Everything being adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties, by Mr. Jackson, at a quarter to one, Hudson, accompanied by his backers, Crawley and Sampson, ascended the stage. He was loudly cheered by the populace.

Cannon, under the patronage of his friends, immediately followed the John Bull Fighter, accompanied by Spring and Cribb; he was likewise loudly greeted. His look was composed, and he crossed the stage with an air of confidence, and shook hands with Hudson—He had top-boots on. The umpires were, for the John Bull Fighter, Mr. Woodward; and for Cannon, Captain Radford. Mr. Osbaldeston was unanimously chosen as the Referee. Josh. was waiting some time, during the preparation of Cannon, with great eagerness, and expressed his anxiety to commence the fray. "We shall be quite soon enough for you, master Josh." replied Spring. The hands were now crossed in friendship—the awful moment had arrived, and the betting was 5 and 6 to 4 on Hudson.

Round 1. Richard, with all his daring "eagerness for the fray," did not possess more courage or exhibit more anxiety than the John Bull Fighter to commence the battle. On getting rid of his *camesa*, the canvass of Josh. looked well; nay, much better than was expected by the rigid adherents to training; his condition was good, indeed, it might have been pronounced excellent; and, for the last five years of his milling career, he had never been in such bang-up health, as in the present instance, to fight. Hudson had worked hard, been indefatigable to get the superfluous fat off his frame; and by pursuing his favorite amusement of coursing, and followed the dogs for five hours at a stretch, he had succeeded in reducing himself about twenty two pounds in weight; but nevertheless he was too big, and the rotundity of his abdomen pointed it out to the most common observer; yet to have reduced the John Bull Fighter any more might have seriously affected his health, spirits, and strength; it was therefore not attempted by his constant attendant, Jack Clark. Josh, according to the opinion of anatomists, and some of the most experienced and best judges of Prize Fighting, as a milling cove, ought, in no instance whatever, to have weighed more than twelve stone nine pounds, and that his frame was never intended to have carried more flesh upon it than the above weight. Some fighters are, and have been distinguished for snake-headed nobs; others for athletic bodies; a few for muscular arms; and numbers for excellent pins; but the principal, the out-and-out feature of a boxer should be his heart; and, if Josh. might have been deemed wanting in all of the above previous requisites, no person will attempt to deny, by comparison, that his heart was as big as a bushel, and his conduct as undaunted as a lion. Winning, and nothing else but winning, he thought of, morning, noon, and night; in his dreams, success appeared to hover over his pillow; and, in all his walks, Victory was his imaginary cheerful companion. In a pecuniary point of view, winning £500 was a great object to Hudson; but conquest, the fame, the honor, the glory of regaining his lost laurels, were near his heart; and to be received in triumph, on his return from the field of battle, by his numerous friends of the East, was the *summum bonum* of his feelings. Josh had wept over the errors which had produced his former defeat, like a naughty boy who acknowledged his faults; but when the new match was made, his ogles regained their usual fire; he "was all happiness," determined not to give another chance away: to plead no further excuses as to deficiency of condition, but to be every thing his friends could wish, in his second battle with the brave bargeman. Cannon never entertained the slightest idea of defeat; in the first battle he fancied Hudson, when every sporting man laughed at his temerity, and expected to witness the brave bargeman chastised for his presumption. Cannon, in the day of trial, was not deceived in his expectations; and a second conquest he booked, in his own mind, as sure as the return of Christmas-day. The bargeman on peeling was as "fine as a star:" he was all bone and muscle; and about seven pounds heavier than in his previous battle with Hudson; but he did not exceed thirteen stone. The John Bull Fighter did not exceed thirteen stone ten pounds. Although Cannon is the oldest man by some years; yet, in point of constitution, he is a mere boy to Hudson; and there "needs no ghost from the grave" to decide on which side the advantage were—Cannon working a barge on a river in the open air all the days of his life, in opposition to the "gay mode" of existence adopted by the John Bull Fighter. As a proof how much the confidence of Cannon was strengthened, on the day previous to the battle when the subject of dividing the profits of the Race-stand was agitated in his presence, he said, "I am for the winner of the battle receiving the whole of the money collected at the Race-stand; and I shall tell Josh. so, when I meet him on the stage." But, a truce to farther comparison, the men are in attitudes, and on the look-out for the first advantage. Cannon stood up at the scratch very formidably; Josh. measuring his opponent carefully with his left arm at length, expecting a heavy rush. The John Bull Fighter, finding nothing to be done with safety, kept retreating, in order to meet his man in coming in: but Cannon, not to be gammoned by any scientific movement, determined to let fly, and to act upon the bustling system. The conk of Josh. napped, and claret was the result. Hudson returned some heavy hitting; but Cannon would not be denied, although he met with a stopper that would have spoiled the upper works of the best Chancery Lawyer in the kingdom. Hudson was bored to the corner of the stage, when taste for taste took place, but Josh. turned round cleverly, in order to extricate himself from his danger, and Cannon, again on the bustle, ran after his opponent, when one of the most desperate rallies occurred, equal to the days of Tom Johnson and Big Ben; in fact, it was never exceiled, for manliness and resolution, in any prize battle whatever. It was blow for blow—hit for hit—smash for smash—claret for claret—thump for thump—courage in opposition to pluck—heart against heart; in short, it was a volume of mischief in a short time; a red letter day in the annals of milling; till nature was tired, and bottom had done its best on both sides when the very brave Cannon went down, and the out-and-out Josh. was discovered upon him. The shouting by the friends of both parties was loud; and satisfaction as to the result of the event remained as before.—"Here's a round!—Here's two brave fellows!—Josh. can't lose it," from the East-enders. "How can he win it?" by the Windsorites.

2. Both their mugs exhibited severe punishment, yet, equal confidence sat on their brows—Josh. relying on having the best of the science, and Cannon acting on the most determined spirit. Hudson retreating from the boring qualities of his opponent, and caught his man by a tremendous hit under his left eye, which operated like the severe cut of a sharp instrument; yet, terrible as it must have been to the feelings of the bargeman, he regarded its effects as nothing, and returned gaily to mill. Hudson piping a little; and here it was evident that Cannon had got the best wind. Cannon again endeavored to smash his adversary, but Josh. caught him on the listener heavily, with an intent to make him deaf to time; it was true, Hudson had the best of the out-fighting, till another terrific rally put science complete-ly out of the question. A shower of blows, reciprocally given, ended the round by both of the combatants going down, Josh. undermost. The friends of Hudson were still offering odds upon him, and roundly asserting, in the course of a few rounds, Josh would be able to take the fight out of the bargeman.

3. Something was now the matter on both sides; it was not safe to either party; and Josh was as good as Tom, all over the ring. Cannon was in the dark as to his left peeper, and his mug became much damaged; and the once-laughing nob of the John Bull Fighter changed to a tragic appearance. "Mind yourleft, Josh." said Peter, "he's coming." Hudson took the hint, and planted another dreadful blow on the already cut-up place on Cannon's left eye. "That's the time of day!" from the East-enders: but Cannon, undismayed, (who seemed a second Gas-light Man) shook off his punishment with the coolness of a philosopher, as much as to say, "Pain is only an imaginary feeling," and rushed forward with a determination never excelled, and planted a blow on Josh.'s ivory-box, which set all his chatterers dancing, covered with claret. Hudson, always game, and never excelled in high courage, turned to in a rally which astonished the oldest gluttons of the ring. The strength of Cannon appeared a little reduced; the fact was, he was determined not to lose a minute's time, and kept his opponent continually on the bustle, and he slipped down on his knees, having over fought himself.—The Hudsonites at a distance from the ring hailed this circumstance as rather favorable, according to the old sporting phrase, that every little thing against an opponent helps to reduce his strength.

4. Good on both sides, and eager for mischief. Sparring was out of the question, although Josh. availed himself of his knowledge of milling, and fought for an opening. He succeeded in planting a facer cleverly, without any return. [Cheers.] However, Cannon would not be idle, and soon got into heavy work, and both of the combatants fought themselves to a stand-still. Both were staggering and looking at each other for a second or two, to gain breath, when they returned with double courage to the scratch. Josh. retreated, but Cannon kept close to him, and at the corner of the stage he was hit very heavily by Hudson; he, however would not be denied, and, upon Cannon's rushing in a second time, Josh. met him with a lunging hit on his jaw, which made him stagger for a few paces, when he went down. It appeared to us more of a slip than a knock-down blow, though the friends of Hudson insisted it was a clean knock-down blow. The backers of the John Bull Fighter freely offered the odds, feeling, at this period, the fight was in favor of Hudson, and loudly cheered his exertions.

5. The good fighting of Hudson at the commencement of this round filled all his partizans with spirit. Cannon, as game as a pebble, made play, flattering himself that bustling his opponent was the sure way to win the fight; but the left hand of Josh. planted in his chaffing-box, followed by another blow on his left eye, producing total darkness, encouraged the friends of Josh. "that it was now all right, and the bargeman must lose the battle;" but Cannon was not valued as he ought to have been: in point of goodness, he can never be excelled. Another terrific rally, in which Josh. exerted himself to beat his opponent off, but Cannon would not be denied: in closing, a little hugging took place, and both in turns endeavored to fib each other, when several "bits of good truth" were told. The men separated for a short time, and Josh. was evidently distressed more than his opponent, but as good as gold; he commenced another rally, when he was floored by a left-handed blow from Cannon. Josh. was picked up heavily by his seconds, and he rolled about quite stupid. The Windsorites were now exulting with joy, and offered to back their man as a winner. (Here the umpire of Cannon, Captain Radford, observed to Mr. Woodward, the umpire of Josh. that it was the first knock-down blow.)

6. Hudson appeared at the scratch better than could have been anticipated. Josh. made play, and nobbed his opponent; but Cannon despised anything like stopping the blows of his antagonist; all his anxiety appearing to be to get close to Hudson to administer pepper. Another rally, till a stand-still stopped for a few seconds their efforts. Josh. gave the most hits, but not the most effective. In endeavoring to get away from heavy punishment, Hudson slipped down. During the short interval of the half minute time allowed for the combatants to rest themselves, every exertion was used by the seconds to both parties to infuse confidence, had it been wanting in either of the men. Peter said as how "a tiny drop of brandy" would not do his man any hurt, and therefore put the bottle to his mouth; but a swell, near the stage, observed to Crawley, "Why don't you give him some Tonic Wine," nothing like it for animation, and a prime article for training upon." "Thank you, sir," (replied Peter,) "I shall remember it at the next fight."

7. Short but yet mischievous. Josh. was in distress; and he endeavored to get himself out of trouble. The John Bull Fighter retreated from the impetuosity of his opponent; but Cannon, neck or nothing, bored in upon Josh.; the latter was compelled to "turn to," and in closing, Hudson was hit down. "That one blow," said an Etonian, "unites Egham, Staines, and Windsor, in favor of Cannon: the bargeman for a hundred!"

8. Both of the millers had been Receivers General, but yet the accounts were not settled. Hudson piped the most of the two, and Cannon was very weak now and then; but his determined spirit triumphed over his exhaustion. They met together at the scratch like trumps. "Brave fellows," was the cry from all parts of the ring. "Such moments as these," said a gallant naval officer, who was most attentively viewing the combat, "insured victory to Nelson, and conquest to Wellington." "Certainly," echoed an M. P. supported by a Noble Lord, "and that moment we let cant and hypocrisy get the best of us—that day, I repeat, when dandyism and false delicacy are suffered to fritter down the true spirit of Britons, there is an end to the real glory and courage of the English nation. Our fleets will lose the spirit of their once terrific thunder; and our army become a mere vehicle for puppies to strut up and down a parade, to show their gold lace and fine clothes." "How I loves to hear such gemmen talk! God forbid we should live to see such a time," said a costormonger, who had todeled all the way down from the "Long Town," to enjoy the mill, though, at the moment the water was nearly over his stampers, the ground on which he stood being so completely inundated with mud and slush. "I say, Natty, it does one good; and I begs leave to add my humble opinion, that I voud fight for my country till I lost my life—I hate all cowards." A number of blows we exchanged during this round, but they were not so fast nor so hard as the preceeding displays; in closing, the friends of Hudson were pleased to witness that his strength had not left him—he obtained the throw, but the bargeman rolled over Josh., and was uppermost.

9. The constitution of Cannon enabled him to appear more lively, when meeting at the scratch, and he commenced milling, without fear or regard as to consequences. Hudson was bored to the side of the stage, where both, in extreme distress, tried to hold the arm of each other, to prevent punishment. Hudson, by a desperate effort, broke away, and planted a Chancery hit upon the listner of the Cannon, who shook it off with the utmost gaiety of manner, and again bored the John Bull Fighter, to the corner, when another rally, equal to anything in the fight, occurred; give and take to the end of the chapter, till both down. "What prime fellows! true Englishmen. Here's a real picture of courage. These are the boys for forlorn hope!" and a number of other expressions escaped from the lips of the spectators.

10. Cannon's peepers were in a bad state, and a successful blow on the blinking ogle would have decided the mill in favor of Josh. Better men were never opposed to each other; and Hudson felt for the old place under the left eye of his adversary with great severity. A rally took place, and it was hit for hit,; but they were both so exhausted, that a kind of a stand still occurred, when they opposed each other again, and Josh. got his man down. Cheers for Hudson, and his backers, g:me to the back-bone, offered odds upon him for choice.

11. Cannon endeavored to take the lead, and once more got Josh. upon the bustle. Hudson was piping terribly, yet he never refused to give or take a hit, when rallied into fighting. Cannon napped some heavy punishment, owing to making a slip and fell down. "This nobbing," said Cannon to Spring, "is all owing to my stupid shoe-maker; I can't stand firm on my legs. He has not followed my orders."

12. It's any body's battle now!" roar-out an old milling cove, near the stage; "but if Hudson can last, I'll have Josh. for my blunt," the strength of both of the men had been put to the test, and therefore the rallies were not so desperate as in the preceding rounds, although the blows were well meant on both sides, and still calculated to do mischief. Hudson was cautious, and retreated, and Cannon was not quite so fast: Nature spoke for herself; and Cannon and Hudson, although out-and-out good ones, were obliged to obey her dictates. The bargeman endeavored to mill his way in; but owing to the slippery state of the stage and the badness of his shoes, he slipped, and Hudson caught him by a tremendous blow, and downed Cannon. This was new life to the friends of Hudson, and Mr. John Gulley offered 2 to 1 upon Josh.

13. The "tie-up" was at no great distance; and Josh indeavored to make the best use of his knowledge. Wind was necessary to both of the combatants, but Cannon least in want of it.—Hudson sparred a little, and retreated, in hopes that he might be able to plant a finisher, on Cannon's attempting to bore in. A sharp rally occurred, till Josh. got away, when Cannon followed him, and they held each other, during the weaving system, till both went down quite exhausted. Both sides, as to backers, were funking! a flush hit either way must have proved the *quietus*. Cannon was extremely weak.

14. "It will soon be over," was the cry; and the fight was nearly out of both of the men. However, Cannon possessed the most activity and never lost sight of bustling his opponent, and always making Josh. fight. The blows on both sides were widely directed, and staggering hits were the order of this round, till both of the brave fellows went down quite exhausted. Cannon was the favorite for choice.

15. During the last round, Hudson's nob came in contact with the stakes, which was a "little one" against his winning. Both of the men fought resolutely, but their capabilities were nearly at an end. In closing, the John Bull Fighter struggled hard to gain the fall; but, in getting Cannon down and falling upon him, the exertion operated more upon his frame than turning to his advantage. 2 to 1 on Cannon.

16, and last. Considering the exhausted state of the combatants, this was an out-and-out round on both sides. "You can't lose it," said Spring; when Cannon, as a last effort, again tried the bustling system, and boldly made, or rather staggered up to his opponent. Hudson met his adversary with all the courage he was master of, and several hits passed between them. Cannon bored Hudson to the stakes, and had decidedly the best of the hitting, and planted a tompler, (exactly on the same spot where Shelton made a decisive hit,) which put Josh. all abroad. Yet, to the astouishment of all the spectators, Josh. kept fighting, and he struggled for the throw. The most intense interest prevailed throughout the multitude at this instant. Mr. Gulley observed to a sporting friend, that the first man who went down would lose the battle. The strength of the bargeman prevailed; he slung Hudson round, who fell upon the stage like a log of wood, his head rebounding by the force of the fall; and, to add to the finish, Cannon dropped heavily upon Hudson, and dislodged, if he had any left, his wind. He was picked up completely insensible to the passing scene; his seconds, Crawley and Sampson, exerted themselves to recover his senses, but all in vain. On time being called, he could not answer it, and Cannon was also bad, that he staggered up to the scratch like a drunken man, and could not make a jump of it. The battle was over in nineteen minutes and a half.

OBSERVATIONS.

It was one of the nearest things which has occurred for a long time; but a miss is as good as a mile; and Cannon, the brave Cannon, has proved the conqueror. It was the expressed opinion of the referee, that Cannon could not have fought more than one round, and a mere push might have finished the battle on this account. We do not mention this circumstance to detract, in the slightest manner, from the conquest of the bargeman, but merely to show what a very near thing it was. Hudson, it is too true for him, has been defeated, but not disgraced; and Cannon has turned out a much better and a braver man than the Sporting World were previously inclined to allow him. In point of manliness and true courage, Cannon was as brave as Hudson, and Josh. as brave as Cannon: we saw no difference between them. If anything, the most science was exhibited by Hudson, but the best constitution was decidedly on the part of the bargeman. There can be no mistake upon that point. Cannon is not a showy fighter, but he holds up his hands well before him, and in a rally he is always doing a little. He has now retired from the Prize Ring; and, therefore, as a milling cove, we take our leave of him. Cannon was terribly punished; and, on his being dressed, he was carried on the shoulders of several men, from the stage to a private room in the Stand, in an exhausted, if not an insensible state. In this room he remained a short time to recover himself, when he was removed in the carriage of his backer, to the Regent Hotel, Leamington, every humane attention was paid to him; and, under the medical care of Mr. Jeffson his lip was sewed up, his cut, and closed eye was also relieved, leeches were applied to his face, and, in a much shorter time than might have been expected, he recovered from the severe effects of his bruises, to the great joy of his partisans. Hudson was likewise carried upon the shoulders of several men, from the stage to another private room in the Race-stand, quite insensible; but in less than an hour he was so far restored to himself, and out of danger, as to leave the above place in a carriage, for the Castle, in Warwick, where he was put to bed. By the application of fifteen leeches to his temples, he rapidly revived; and, between five and six o'clock in the evening, in conversation with the writer of this article, he declared, "he would not fight any more. No one," said Hudson, "shall ever persuade me again to enter the P. R.; my head will not last—I have received too many severe blows upon it." He also stated, "that Cannon was a wiry, strong, and very brave man." If Hudson has lost the blunt of his backers, he has not lost their respect and friendship; and although some thousands of pounds have changed masters by the above event, yet more pity has been expressed, on account of the loss of the victory, for the feelings of the John Bull Fighter, by his his partisans, than their own immediate bets. He has fallen nobly: Hudson has fallen like a hero; and he may, with great propriety, console himself under his defeat, with the words of Shakespeare:

"I have done what man dares
And he that dares do more is none!"

CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE BATTLE BETWEEN HUDSON AND CANNON.

Mr. Jackson and Mr. Gulley made a handsome collection in the Race-stand, and also from the persons in the wagons, for Hudson, immediately after the battle was over; and previous to Mr. Hayne quitting Leamington, on Wednesday, he went to Warwick, although out of his road to London, and generously presented to Hudson, as he lay in his bed, a ten pound note; and also requested Josh. to accept from him another ten pound note, which his brave opponent Cannon had sent him, and was also glad to hear that Hudson was doing well. In matters of bravery, Englishmen always act well; and conduct like the above reflects credit upon the receiver, and does honor to the giver.—Such feelings cannot last too long.

So much interest did the above battle excite in the neighborhood of Warwick, Birmingham, Cheltenham, &c., and also in families and circles who have no touch of the Fancy, that the revered and justly celebrated Dr. Parr, one of the greatest props of literature in the country, backed the John Bull Fighter for a trifle, to show his admiration of true courage; similar to the enlightened Dr. Butler, on a recent occasion, proposing the health of the Irish hero, Jack Langan.

It was rather pleasing to behold most of the boxers round the bed of Hudson, something similar to a great Chief affording him consolation under his defeat.—We observed Randall, Turner, Sampson, Oliver, Scroggins, &c. and Quilts, the Warwick hero, paying the John Bull Fighter every humane attention.

The remaining part of the Fancy who were left at Warwick, took a general benefit at the Bear and Bacchus, on Wednesday evening, which was well attended.

Josh. arrived at the Cock and Cross, in East Smithfield, London, on Friday night; and was perfectly recovered, except his bruises. Hudson received a severe body blow during the battle.

The John Bull Fighter soon recovered from the severe effects of the late mill, and his jolly laughing face wore as good natured an aspect as it did previous to the fight. There is not the slightest animosity in the composition of Josh. towarks his brave opponent. "I did my best to win," said he, "but the great Cannon has shot us all."

The John Bull Fighter by the advice of his friends, in consequence of his disposition towards corpulency resisting the effects of training, took his leave of the Prize Ring; and, according to the words of the Sage of the East, "as he had altered his situation," or in other words, "been matched for Life with a most amiable and respectable young woman," Josh. could not do better than open a Lush Crib, and accordingly he opened the Half-Moon Tap, in Leadenhall Market, on Wednesday, January 23d, 1825. We are happy to state, up to the present period (Jan. 1828,) the above speculation has proved a most successful hit.

TENNIS COURT.

The John Bull Fighter took his benefit on Monday, June 4th, 1827, at the above place of milling amusement; and taking into consideration the numerous attractions against him in different parts of the metropolis, more especially the settling day at Tattersall's, it was a capital assemblage of the amateurs.—The sets-to, generally, were above par. But the great object of attraction was the introduction of the new Man of Colour, introduced to the P. R. by Josh. Hudson. The Black was designated as "Young Molineaux." Most certainly he is not so finely formed as the late opponent of Cribb, but nevertheless he "will do;" and is quite big enough to prove a teazer and an ugly customer. He put on the gloves with Oliver Burn; and, as might be expected from a novice, he was not so expert as an experienced performer with the muffers at the T. C. Oliver had the best of him in numerous points; but now and then he "let out a tiny bit" as Bob Gregson would have observed, that gave proof, he has not every thing to learn in the milling way. He planted one or two facers cleverly. Ben Burn mounted the stage, and challenged the Black on the part of Oliver Burn's brother for £50 or £100 aside. "No, no," replied Josh. "Avast! We don't know what he can do yet. He shall fight for a subscription purse any body in the kingdom at Ascot Races; and no questions asked, nor any objections made. However, it is not very clear to me, but the Man of Colour may fight too soon for sum-body yet. I have introduced him, gentlemen, to your notice; and you may make the most of him. All we want is fair play!"—"Bravo, Josh."

Paddington Jones announced to those Milling Coves who had sparred for Josh. on Tuesday, and also had fought for £50 stakes, to ascend the stage and draw the lots for the medal. This was soon decided in favour of Deaf Davis, who proved the lucky man. The John Bull Fighter returned thanks for the patronage he had received; and the Amateurs dispersed, well pleased with the amusement of the day.

JOSH HUDSON'S SILVER MEDAL.

The Medal promised by the John Bull Fighter to his brother pugilists, and which was drawn for on Monday at the Tennis Court, was presented in due form to Deaf Davis, at the Half-Moon Tap, in Leadenhall Market, on Friday evening, June 8th, 1827. The above crib was overflowing with the iads of the Faucy, to witness the presentation of it, and also to applaud the eloquence of the John Bull Fighter.—The Medal is handsome; and was made by Messrs. Grayhurst, Harvey, and Co. goldsmiths, in the Strand, (the same persons who made Josh. Hudson's splendid and so much admired Cup;) on one side of it two boxers are seen in attitude, and on the other the following inscription:

1827.
A MEDAL.
Presented by
JOSH. HUDSON
at the TENNIS COURT, Jan. 5th.
To his brethren of the
FIST.

When silence was demanded every topper was off, all chatting had ceased, and you might have heard a pin fall. The deaf one cocked up his listener, stretched out his peepers, smiled with joy, boldly advanced to the scratch, and held out his mauley. Josh. felt rather disappointed, having been promised one of the Lord Chancellor's Sir[illegible] to the scene; but having waited till the last minute, until the ceremony could no longer be delayed, by way of a side note to his mace bearer, he swore by the Plains of Moulsey Hurst, that he would mill the barbatic for playing tricks with him. After tossing off a flash of lightning, a jolly tankard of heavy, and giving two or three hems, to clear his wind, the John Bull Fighter called "Time!" "It is only a tiny bit of pewter," said Josh.; "but it is the right sort of wedge which your Uncle will always pay respect to, and set a value upon it, if you should ever be bushed, my deaf Cove! Do you hear me?" (Bill gave a nod, with a grin upon his mug.) "Here, then, take your winnings, and make the most of the thing. I have tipped for it, and the Medal is all your own." Bravo! That's your sort! Capital! ("Here Josh." from the Sage of the East, handing him some lush, "stunce your chaffer before you proceed any furder!") The John Bull Fighter took the hint, washed his ivories, wetted his red rag, smacked his fu-lips, and thus proceeded: "This medal is dia-bolical," "no, no," from a schoolmaster in the mob, "symbolical!" "You are right, Mr. Birch; but it will be all the same one hundred years hence!" "So it will, Massa," cried out Josh.'s new black; "me tank you, Massa, you be very good to fighting men. Clever fellow, my Massa is!" ("Silence you black rascal!") "The Medal, Mr. Davis, is sym-bolical, it is round, and will always remind you of the world; and that you must fight your way through it. Always make him if you can: parry off misfortune at all times: floor your enemies—be true to your backers—and be ever ready to support the honor of the Prize Ring." Thunders of applause. "Take care of the Medal, my boy; that when after you become 'a stiff one,' it may be handed over to your kid." (Here the John Bull Fighter became so much affected, that he could not proceed, until he pulled out his clout and wiped his peepers.) "He wants lush," said Tom Owen: "give him some brandy, or he will not come to time!" The reviving fluid did the job, when Josh. exclaimed, "I am as right as a trivet! And you, ye Milling Coves, also bear in mind, that one good turn deserves another; treat the public well, and the public will not forget you at your benefits.—There, my boy, (handing over the Medal to Davis) button it up safe in your clie—and join me, nay, I am sure all of you will join with me, in drinking the Health of the King." "Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!" The evening was now spent in harmony and good-fellowship; and 'success to milling" drank to the end of the chapter!

Notwithstanding the John Bull Fighter took his leave of the P. R. as a boxer, in several instances since he has been compelled to "take his own part;" or else he must have put up with insults, also with blows, and been reduced to a mere dummy in his own crib. A most desperate turn-up took place one evening at the Half Moon Tap, between a young man of the name of Scarlett, a plasterer, and Josh. Our hero was very far gone in liquor; but nevertheless, sensible enough to resent a blow given him, and without any delay, he returned the compliment to his opponent. Scarlett had been drinking, but yet little the worse for the lush; neither was he a novice in the art of milling, having received several lessons from Dav. Hudson. It was almost like a forlorn hope, for Josh. to have attempted the defeat of so powerful an adversary; more especially as he was laboring under the stupifying effects of inebriety; but his true courage brought him through the piece. Scarlett, an active spirited chap, flattered himself that he should not only take the shine out of the hero of the Half-Moon Tap, but ultimately plant the standard of victory over the John Bull Fighter. For a few minutes the plasterer, owing to his better state of condition, took the lead—was exceedingly troublesome, and administered lots of pepper to our hero; but the honhearted Josh. in some degree shook off the oppressive effects of his intemperance—rallied himself upon the "death and glory suit," and dealt out his blows with the punishment of an Hercules. One instance of his out-and-out bravery is worthy of record. In aiming a blow at his opponent's nob, his fist encountered a large stone jar, the effects of which blow shivered the vessel into a thousand pieces, nearly breaking the joint of his fore-finger on the right hand, leaving a dreadful gash, and the blood flowing in torrents; but the John Bull Fighter heeded it not—he never noticed the circumstance, but stuck to his adversary like glue, and soon heard the pleasing sound of victory had crowned his efforts.

The exertions of the John Bull Fighter, however, had been so great during the above turn-up, added to the powerful effects of the liquor upon his frame, that he fainted after the row was over, and remained in a state of stupor for nearly an hour, before he was completely restored to his senses. Scarlett and Hudson met together in a day or two afterwards, upon the good old system of —"forget and forgive;" Scarlett acknowledged he had been in error Josh. also admitted that he had p' shown much wisdom in the affa— when they shook hands together, drank the health of each other, and Scarlett and Josh. Hudson remain nothing else but good friends.

Josh died on the 8th of October, 1855, at the Flying Horse, Finsbury, aged 38.

THE END.

THE COCK-PIT.

No sooner were the doubtful people met,
The match made up, and all that would had bet,
But strait the skilful judges of the play
Brought forth their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they died to have their winding sheet!
Into the Pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the stage, the Norfolk Chanticleer
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe,
And like a challenger began to crow!

THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF COCKING.

This is so evidently of Grecian original, that the inhabitants of Delos and Tanagra were lovers of this sport at a very early period, when several cities of Greece were eminent for their magnanimous breed of chickens. It was adopted by the Romans about 471 years before the christian era; or, according to some authors, immediately after the Peloponnesian war. They had likewise a breed of hens at Alexandria in Egypt, which produced the best fighting cocks; but though it is certain that these fowls, at first, fought full feathered, it was not long before feeders were made use of, as in the modern mode. But at Athens, cock-fighting was partly a political and partly a religious institution, and was there continued for the purpose of improving the valour of their youth, and by degrees became a common pastime, as well as in all other parts of Greece.

On the other hand, the Romans prefer quails, as well as cocks; and, according to Herodian, the first battle between Bassianus and Geta arose about the fighting of their quails and cocks; notwithstanding this, the Romans did not match the latter till the commencement of the decline of the empire.

It is not positively known when the pitched battle was first introduced into England; we have no notice of cock-fighting earlier than the reign of Henry II. William Fitz Stephen describes it then as the sport of school boys on Shrove Tuesday; the theatre was the school, and the school-master, it seems, was the comptroller and director of the sport. The practice was prohibited in the 39th of Edward III.; but became general under Henry VIII., who was personally attached to it, and established the cock-pit at Whitehall, to bring it more into credit. James the First was so remarkably fond of it, that, according to Monsieur de la Bodenie, who was the ambassador from Henry IV. to this king, he constantly amused himself with it twice a week. Under Elizabeth, it was not less in vogue; and the learned Roger Ascham then favored the world with a treatise on the subject.—There was then a pit in Drury and Gray's Inn lanes, and another in Jewin street; but the practice was a second time prohibited by an act under the Protectorship in 1654.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That Cocking ———

Such were the words of Lord Byron; therefore, the inference to be drawn from them perhaps is, that the fancy of his lordship was not attached to cock-fighting; but, nevertheless, as the saying is, Lord Byron (it was well known to his most intimate friends) was "fond of seeing every thing that was to be met with in life." His lordship, it is presumed, did not wish to plead ignorance upon any subject as a man of the world; neither that such a feature had escaped his notice as a person of observation. This, in some degree, may account for his lordship's "dropping in," as Paul Pry would observe, into a cockpit—rather to be a "looker-on," as a matter of curiosity, than to partake of it as a diversion. However, be that as it may, we are well assured that sports of all kinds are mere matters of taste and "one

The New York Clipper,

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF, YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Full reports of every sporting affair of interest, in this or the old country, will be always found in the CLIPPER, and extensive arrangements will be made to procure such domestic information as cannot be found in any other journal.

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In fact, no expense will be spared by the proprietor, to render the NEW YORK CLIPPER one of the most desirable papers published in this city.

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Sporting Items are solicited from all quarters.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854.

Harrison Trent, PROPRIETOR. } Frank Queen, EDITOR.

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Answers to Correspondents.

☞ We pay no attention to correspondents whose letters are not post-paid.

Want to know, Philad'a.—1. "Is Live Oak Engine Company" considered of much account in the Fire Department of New-York. 2. Was the Moyamensing Hose Company on a visit to New-York, within the last five years? 3.—[illegible] returning home?" 1. "Want to know" must certainly have ransacked his upper story to put such a question to us. "Live Oak" is considered of as much account in the Department as any other company. The members are a hardy and active set of men, and do their duty when called upon. 2. Moyamensing Hose Company visited New-York about a year ago. 3. They were received by Columbia Engine Company, No. 14.

W. H. G.—Robert Fulton obtained a patent for his inventions in steam navigation in Feb 1809. On the commencement of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain in 1812, he gave his attention to submarine warfare, and contrived a method of discharging guns under water, for which he obtained a patent. In 1814 he contrived an armed steam ship for the defence of the harbor of New-York, and also a submarine vessel, or plunging boat, of such demensions as to carry 100 men, the plans of which being approved by government, he was authorised to construct them at public expense. But before completing either of those works, he died suddenly, February 24th, 1815.

Paul Pry, Albany.—"Has it been ascertained yet whether the Boston dog "Tige" was poisoned or not?" It is impossible to say whether the suspicions entertained in regard to the poisoning are correct, but that suspicions are strongly rife that the dog met his death by foul play admits of no question. We have heard many different stories in regard to this affair which are not very creditable to some of the parties concerned but we forbear to give puolicity to them, unless substantiated by good authority.

Many Subscribers, Newburgh.—1. We do not intend at present to publish Awful Gardner's battles. 2. We suppose the season is too warm for sparrers to do much at Newburgh. 3. The second match between Alf Walker and the Spider is not going on, so far as we can learn. 4. Izzy Lazarus fought 7 prize battles, in two of which he suffered defeat. 5. Jem Ward is still living. 6. Josh. Hudson died on the 8th of October, 1835.

A Subscriber—1. "Who did the Tipton Slasher defeat. 3. Who did Harry Broome defeat. 3. How many battles did Spencer fight, and by whom was he defeated." 1. The Tipton Slasher defeated B. Doherty, Ben Spitsburry, Jem Scunner, Tass Parker, and Paddock. 2. Harry Broome beat Mason, Joe Rowe, and Tipton Slasher. 3. What Spencer do you mean?

Old Tom Blue, Eldridge street.—We received a long epistle from this correspondent but after perusing it three different times, we are unable to make out what he is driving at. Old Tom Blue we believe you are a wag, and are trying to "get us off." Is it so?

Charley.—We do not know that Johnny Walker intends returning to this country. If all is true, as is reported of his doings in England, he had best remain where he is. We have enough here already.

Pluribus Unum.—Harry Girbbon is working at his trade. We believe he has not yet received the amount of the stakes deposited by him in his recent match with Parker.

Play-Time, Peilad'a.—We cannot procure a copy of the rules you require. If we should come across them, however, we will let you know.

P. B.—The man who backed the rats should lose the $100, of course. It makes but little difference, however, for the affair was doubtless a partnership concern.

An Old Runner.—The Champion (?) you speak of is no Champion. We care not to have anything to do with matches in which he is engaged.

W. W., Boston.—The Mr. Taylor, offering the challenge in our last, is from your city. We know nothing about his fighting qualities.

Stranger, Baltimore.—West Point is distant 51 miles from New-York. There are regular conveyances from New-York.

J. G., St. Louis, Mo.—"Please state in the Clipper the real name of the Comedian, Barney Williams." Barney O'Flarty.

J. R. Judson, Baltimore.—Our papers are sold to agents in your city, so that they can be retailed at 3 cents per copy.

C. B. S., Springfield, Mass.—We have our doubts about the enterprise you refer to.

Barley-corn.—Jemmy Trainor has been in Boston for several months.

Reader.—Yankee Sullivan is not in New-York at present.

Curioso.—We should prefer to say a basket full of fish.

Pete Robinson.—Franconi is an impostor.

Gulling Americans.

A few numbers back we stated that a walking match had been made in this city between a couple of pedestrians, and from certain suspicions we had we advised our readers to be careful how they invested money on the match. For this we were waited upon by a person styling himself Champion of England, who in a surly manner demanded what we meant by putting in our paper such a piece about *him*. We replied that what we stated was exactly what we meant, &c. The Champion then haughtily told us never to make use of his name in the CLIPPER again. We replied that his wish should be complied with.

We make the above statement for the purpose of offering a few remarks in reference to certain classes of men, who visit our country, for the purpose of making money, honestly, if they can. The popularity Brother Jonathan enjoys abroad as being an easy sort of an old codger, whose well filled pockets are at the service of every body and every thing, very naturally tempts the avaricious, the grasping, and the talented (?) of European countries to visit our shores that they may while here reap a "pocket ful of rocks," and return to enjoy their gains in their own homes. The fever attacks not only opera singers, musicians, &c., &c., but it also seizes upon the sporting world, and hurries to the land of plenty, Pugilists, Pedestrians, and other Champions, some of whom we never before heard of. On getting to work with their pastimes, they soon find their glittering visions dispelled, and the stern reality starring them in the face in the shape of hard work. Brother Jonathan is not quite so verdant as they had been led to believe—he is not so easily gulled and bamboozled as was to be supposed. These Champions (?) finding their occupation gone, become almost frantic with despair, and begin to concert measures by which they may return home, which when once reached, they never again leave.

As long as you feed the vanity of these Champions, and knuckle to their superior judgment (?) all is well—you are a fine fellow—understand your business well, and can't help going ahead. Expose them, however, breathe but a suspicion of their real intentions, of their doings behind the curtain, and what follows? Why, they immediately cut your acquaintance, and go elsewhere to endeavor to "come the giraffe" over some one else. Why these very men have taught us how they should be treated—what dependance should be placed in them, and in what way they would humbug the public. They didn't know it, however. But we did, and we intend to use the knowledge obtained to protect the public from the snares set to entrap them.

When Pugilists, Pedestrians, or other classes of the sporting world, of *real* merit visit this country, we will ever extend a helping hand, and do all in our power to further their interests; but when men come here and profess what they cannot perform, and wish to blind the people, we will show them up whenever we have the opportunity. If they take offence, why let them—what care we—let them go where they can carry out their intentions without let or hindrance. Our duty is plain, and we intend to perform it without fear or favor, though we may be denied the privilege of making use of the names of some of our transatlantic visitors.

Josh Hudson.

The Life and Battles of Josh Hudson is concluded in this week's paper. Let those who perused the other portions of this report be sure to read the balance.

The "Gag" once more.

We perceive that the Hippodrome is again open. This imposition upon the credulity of our citizens was suffered to derive sustenance last year by the brazen effrontery of the manager, who passed himself off for a short season, as the veritable Franconi, of Paris. When the public became aware of the fraud practised upon them, the popular mind was worked up to fever heat, and we imagined at one time that the Manager and his troop of "women" would be driven out of the city. However, he was suffered to remain, but his receipts were comparatively small when contrasted with the success he met with before the imposition was revealed to the public. And now, "Monsieur Tonson is come again" with his abortion in the shape of a Circus Company. The same old, worn-out Chariot Races, Ostrich Chases, and Elephant riding is palmed off upon us; nothing new, nothing that we have not seen before is attempted, for the reson that the company is incapable of producing anything new We are glad to see, however, that the Hippodrome is but slimly attended, and that the "great Manager" will soon be compelled to shift his quarters. The Hippodrome and Crystal Palace are both fizzling out together.

American Currency, &c.

NEW YORK, July 8, 1854.

MR. EDITOR—In your paper of this date, I notice an article in relation to Cheap Eating Houses, the American Currency, &c. As I am a firm advocate of an American currency, and as my business is such that I take most of my meals out, I have oftentimes felt the effects of the four cent shave you refer to, and have had many an argument in relation thereto. Now, however, I get my meals at a saloon where they do not swindle you, but give you the full value of your money. At this house they deal on the principle of Dollars and Cents, not shillings, and pence. The house I refer to, is the "Telegraph," in Beekman street, and as Mr. Savery, the proprietor, seems to be the pioneer in this movement, I think he should be encouraged. Yours, respectfully,

JOSEPH A. HARMER.

We do not mind giving the above advertisement an insertion gratis, in-as-much as the proprietor of the Eating House referred to deserves the good opinion and patronage of the public for the stand he has taken in this matter of giving change. We have visited the "Telegraph," refreshing the inner man to the extent of 20 cents, and actually received 5 cents in change for our quarter. Extraordinary as this may appear, it is nevertheless strictly true, for we made certain of the fact by seeing others treated in the same honest manner. Verily, the good time is coming when a man receives 25 cents for a quarter.—Sound the timbrel, blow the bass drum, ipse dixit and ligumvitæ, and so forth, et cetera, and so on. Truly, this is an age of improvement. Who will be the next to do away with the four cent swindle? We pause for a reply.

Sporting.

A game of quoits for $500 was played at the Atlantic Hotel, in Jersey City, on the 4th inst. Three proficient players of Jersey City, Messrs. Wm. Brydens, John Garoiner and James Graham were matched against Messrs. Andrew Bates, Alexander Pettrie and John Murray, of Brooklyn. The former won the game.

Speculation.

Unmuzzled dogs in this city bring 50 cents a head—in Jersey they bring $1 a head. Some boys are now busily engaged in taking advantage of this difference in price, by catching dogs in this city and taking them over to Jersey, where they can obtain the dollar per head. This is a species of financiering almost equal to that of Robert Schuyler—the boys, however, run the greatest risk, for if they are detected, Hackensack jail will be their quarters. This is the difference between dog catchers and embezzlers.

Barney Williams' Muss.

MR. EDITOR.—Can you inform me whether it is true that Barney Williams is, or has been sick, for I hear it stated that such is not the case, but that fear of a disturbance on the evening of the 4th, determined him in giving up his engagement at the Broadway Theatre.

JUNIUS.

We know nothing further in reference to the matter than what we gathered from the card of Manager Marshall.—In that it was stated that Mr. Williams was ill, and as nothing in contradiction of it has been made public, we suppose it must be true. We did not learn that any disturbance was apprehended at the theatre on the evening of the 4th.

Challenge Accepted.

The owner of the yacht John L. Keyser, having challenged the David L. Wilcox or Bianca, or any other boat, to sail a match on the river Delaware, the Wilcox has accepted the challenge, and the race will shortly come off. It will be a deeply exciting match. The sum of $1000 will be the amount of the stake money.

Going ahead Finely.

Our young friend Walnut, is going ahead finely at his new place of business, the Cooper House Saloon, corner of Broadway and Anthony street. The manner in which meals are gotten up by Mr. Walnut does him great credit. Everything is of the best quality—the liquors being unsurpassed. Mr. Walnut, it will be remembered, was formerly connected with the 'Live and Let Live," but lately withdrew from that establishment. His friends will no doubt be pleased to hear of his success.

Three Cents per Copy.

Our arrangements are such as to enable Agents in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., to sell the Clipper at three cents per copy, retail. We wish our patrons to understand this matter.

Look Out.

We shall commence, in our next, the Life and Battles of one of the most celebrated Pugilists of his day. Look out for it.

Yachting on the Delaware.

There promises to be some exciting sport on the Delaware river during the present season.

Cock Fighting.

Read the capital article on Cock Fighting, on our outside page. It will repay perusal.

A Good Thing—if true.

We have been informed that Joe Banks, pedestrian, walked four miles and run one mile in 38 minutes and 3 seconds, on Monday last, at Bull's Head. This is good going if true.

"Cove in."

The new National Race Course has "gone in." The mismanagement of this concern should be a warning to others. What with high prices of admission, disapointing the public, &c., &c., it is not surprising that such an abrupt termination should follow what was a brilliant opening. If those things are to continue next season, the Managers would save money by keeping the course closed.

THE RING.

Taylor's Challenge to Gribbon.

Mr. Harry Gribbon desires us to state that he is engaged in attending to his business at present, and cares not to leave it for the uncertain chances of the Ring. This he deems the only and proper course for him to follow just now, and hopes Mr. Taylor may be enabled to obtain a customer elsewhere.

Jemmy Trainor.

We understand that matters are in progress for a match between Jemmy Trainor and a young man of this city whose name we are not at liberty to make known just now. The articles of agreement have been, or will be sent on to Mr. Trainor, (who is in Boston,) this week, so that in our next we may be enabled to give the full particulars.

Johnny Walker.

Bell's Life says:—"We regret much to learn that this misguided man is going on with his legal proceedings against his late patron. We feel certain that if the matter comes before a jury he will find himself most egregiously mistaken in his estimate of the amount of damages."

Answer to Taylor.

The following letter speaks for itself. We suppose Mr. Taylor is perfectly willing to come to terms.

BOSTON, July 10, '54.

MR. QUEEN, SIR—When I was in New York a few weeks since, I was challenged by Jack E. Taylor, who offered to make a match to fight me; he, Taylor, to be 144 lbs., and myself to be catch weight. He also offered to stake $500 to my $300. The latter I do not want, but if he means fighting, and not blowing, I will fight him for $300 or $500 aside—he, Taylor, to be what he proposes, 144 lbs., and I will be catch weight.

If he will not make this match, I hope he will leave off talking. A match can be made at Mr. Evans', Theatre Alley, Boston. WM. BLACKWOOD.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The Seven Miles Walking Match

BETWEEN THE "CHAMPION OF ENGLAND," AND "NORTH STAR" OF CANADA.

Two deposits have been made since we first noticed this match. By the articles of agreement it is expressly stipulated that the deposits are to be made regularly on or before Tuesday (by 4 o'clock,) of each week. Tuesday of last week being the 4th of July, the North Star left his money at the office of the stake-holder on Monday, the day previous, so that everything should be fair and square, so far as he was concerned. The "Champion of England" called at the office on the 4th, and found it closed; he mentioned to a gentleman in another part of the establishment his business, and requested him to make a note that he had called. He did not leave his deposit, however; neither did he leave it on the following day, Wednesday, but gave it into the hands of the stake-holder on Thursday evening, *two days after the allotted time.* The North Star, although he could have drawn forfeit, did not avail himself of this privilege, which many a person in his place would have taken advantage of.

The third deposit was made on Tuesday last. The amount now in the hands of the stake-holder is $100 aside.

Rifle-Shooting.

The Late Rifle Match.

The following letter is in answer to one signed H. S., published in last week's Clipper. We hope H. S. will bring his shooting iron along and give his opponent a trial, "just for the love of the thing."

NEW YORK, July 10, 1854.

DEAR SIR—"Your gentlemanly correspondent," declines "backing his statement" with money, deeming that to be the poorest way of hitting the "target of truth," or eliciting information; but as H. S. cares so little for the distance he goes to see rifle shooting, and doubts our being a rifle shooter, we should be happy to have him bring his rifle to New York, and we will try to convince him to the contrary, just for the love of the thing, and to keep him good natured. Yours, &c., H.

Lewis and James' Rifle Shooting.

Remarks upon the results of the great Rifle Match between Mr Lewis, of Troy, and James and Ferris, of Utica, shot on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of June last. By JOHN R. CHAPMAN *President C. N. Y. Rifle Club.*

Some kind friend has favored me with copies of the "CLIPPER, Albion, and Daily Times," containing detailed reports of the great rifle match at Fort Plain. I have also seen the report of this match with Mr. Lewis's letter, in the "Spirit of the Times," and notices in other papers from Troy and Utica.—My intention in making a few remarks upon this match is to give Mr. Lewis and his friends, the public in general, "and the rest of mankind in particular," some information as to the *how* Mr. Lewis was so badly beaten. I did not attend the match because I could not. *My shearing days happened to be at the same time as James and Ferris's.* Judging from the naked statement of the length of the strings, Mr. Lewis was evidently over-matched. Cannot he make a 20 shot string at 40 rods in a hurricane, less than 72 inches? His strings No. 1 and 2 measured 70 7-16 and 73 8-16, total 143 15-16, and James's strings No. 1 and 2 measured 40 11-16 and 32 1-16 inches, total 72 12-16; difference in favor of James 70 3-16 inches; leaving Lewis's shooting twice as long as James'. These two strings *only*, in my estimation, are to be relied upon as the true measure of the relative merits, *in a wind*, of the rifles tested in this match. Mr. Lewis won the 3rd string, 'tis true—evidently showing that there is *policy* in other games as well as in war. What Mr. Lewis could have done in a light wind I am unable to say; but the fact that James's 2nd string shot by Ferris, measured only 32 1-16 inches in a gale of wind, left Mr. Lewis without hope so far as this match was concerned. A 20 shot string at 40 rods measuring 32 1-16 inches is splendid shooting in the best of weather, and does Mr. Ferris much credit as a marksman, aside from his share of merit as a rifle maker. I once shot a trial string of 20 shots at 40 rods in a gale of wind which measured 36 inches, and the up and down about 1 1-2 inch, with a favorite old rifle of 90 calibre, made by James, and I then thought that I could whip creation—but we live, *and see*—I was going to say *learn*—but I won't this time.

Now the question arises how did James and Ferris manage to beat Lewis so shamefully? Did they have a better rest? Did they have a better system of judging the wind? Are they better marksmen than Lewis? Admitting the positive of these questions, could these advantages *alone* enable James to beat Lewis 100 per cent? No, gentlemen, *James had the best rifles.*—The waflings of the Trojans in the Troy papers is simply funny—"James rested his rifle in a vice,"—funny, *very* funny! Lewis and James both rested their rifles contrary to the rules of our rifle club. Now if they agreed to do so simply to test the rifles, Mr. Lewis can have no just ground for complaint.—James just turned the tables upon Lewis in the same game as he turned them upon Williamson. In an ordinary rifle, say a 10 lb barrel, resting the heel plate is of no advantage over a solid practised, scientific marksman—the advantage is comparatively fearful when the marksman is unpractised, or the rifle is very heavy, say 20 or 30 lb barrel. I made the discovery ten years ago that a rifle ought to recoil in the same place as she lays in at the time that the sight is central; and the twisting of the barrel sideways has a tendency to disturb this place, evidently more in a very crooked stock or a wriggling, unsteady marksman. I have seen Mr. Lewis' rifles do very good shooting, very good, but they are loose in one point. They *lunk* a shot now and then, *and a lunker never wins a string.* Mr. Lewis' rifles cut their patches all to shreds at this match, and a rifle that cuts her patches will cut her owner, and if he piles it on, *will cut him to the red.* I do not say this to wound Mr. Lewis's feelings—I intend telling him the truth—whether he profit or not. One fact is certain, James and Ferris have made a discovery—they can shoot heavy bullets with heavy charges of powder, and do fine shooting. However, one fact must not be lost sight of. A rifle for practical use must not weigh more than 12 or 14 lbs., working a 20 lb rifle is too much like threshing, but in a match a man has a right to use anything that he can lift.

Oneida Lake, Madison Co. N. Y., June 27, '54.

Canine Sports, &c.

Another Dog Fight.

A dog fight for $200 a side took place on Thursday evening, 6th inst, at the house of John Marriott, 49 Madison street between a dog belonging to J. Mills and a dog owned by John Marriott. Neither dog exceeded 26 lbs., and were both lately imported. A good deal of interest was manifested by the partisans on either side, the betting being about 6 to 4 on Marriott's dog. The battle was fiercely contested for about 20 minutes, Marriott's dog having the best of it, but after that his heart or something else seemed to fail him, and in 38 minutes Mr. Mill's dog was declarad the winner. Both dogs acted badly the winner turning repeatedly.

Dog Fight in Philadelphia.

The celebrated dogs Sport and Lunkhead will fight for one hundred dollars a side, on Monday, the 17th of July.—Place of fighting made known at George Young's, 379 N rth Front street, or at William McMullen's, Eight street, below Shippen, and at the house of Harmon Christy, 15th and Spring Garden street.

THE TURF.

The $10,000 Match.

Since the opening of the National Course on Long Island, disappointments seem to be the order of the day. Never before in the same space of time were postponements and disappointments so frequent. The mania has also extended to the other Long Island courses, for we see that the ten thousand dollar trotting match announced to come off over the Centreville Course on Friday afternoon, between Grey Eddy and Highland Maid did not take place, the owners of the horses agreeing to draw their stakes, and disappoint the public of witnessing a match between the two fastest trotting horses in the world.

It appears the race had been drawn by consent of both parties, the night previous, but as no notice was given of it in the public prints, a large number went over and were disappointed.

There are numerous excuses given for the match not taking place. One is, that the gentleman who matched Highland Maid did not furnish the whole amount of the stake money. We also heard it rumored that a resident of Brooklyn, owning one-half of Highland Maid, positively declined to give his sanction for her to enter into the contest unless his share in the valuable animal was purchased.

The following notice in reference to the above match appeared on Saturday last.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—I beg leave to inform the public through your paper, in relation to the trot that was to have taken place this day between Highland Maid and Grey Eddy, that it was through no fault of mine that it did not take place, but that I was ready to start in this race, and I am satisfied the backers of the grey horse did not intend to start him from the day the race was made; and I would further say that I will match Highland Maid against Grey Eddy, or any other horse in the world, mile heats, best three in five, to harness, over the Centreville track, for from three to five thousand dollars, half forfeit, to come off within two weeks from the day the match is made. This proposition to be accepted within two weeks from this date. The proceeds of the track to be equally divided between the parties.

Brooklyn, July 7, 1854. F. J. NODINE.

Centreville Course.

FRIDAY, JULY 7.

A race for a purse of $100, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, took place on this course to-day. The entries were b. m. Lady King, b. g. Highland Boy, b. m. Gipsey, and g. m. Clapets. Lady King won in three straight heats, to most excellent time. This was her first appearance on the track. Highland Boy was the favorite against the field at one hundred to seventy previous to the start. The gray mare did not come to the post.

FIRST HEAT.

The horses were started nicely, but Lady King soon went in front and led the party throughout, although closely followed by Highland Boy. She won by half a length, in 2:43½. Gipsey was taken up after passing the distance stand, and came to the score on a walk.

SECOND HEAT.

Lady King again took the lead, followed up gallantly by Highland Boy, Gipsey seeming not a match for the others. The gelding and the bay mare made an exciting race. The mare, however, proved too fast for the gelding, and came home in 2:37½.

THIRD HEAT.

Gipsey was now withdrawn, leaving the race to be decided between Lady King and Highland Boy. The mare won this heat very easily, in 2:47½.—The following is the summary:—

FRIDAY, July 7.—Purse $100, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons

John Nelson entered b. m. Lady King	1 1 1
D. Pfifer entered b. G. Highland Boy	2 2 2
H. Woodruff entered b. m. Gipsey	3 3 dr
C. Carman entered g. m. Clapets.	dr.

Time, 2:43½—2:37½—2:47½.

Centreville Course, L. I.—Trotting.

THURSDAY, JULY 6.

For the last three months there has been considerable discussion among turfmen relative to the speed of the trotting nags Lady Collins and Lady Franklin. Both of them were known to be very fast, and had won every race they were engaged in very easily. A contest to test their relative merits was the one thing needful for their respective friends. And to stop further controversy, a match was accordingly made for $500 a side, mile heats, best three in five, in harness; and this afternoon was appointed as the time for the race to come off.

Lady Collins was the favorite previous to the start, at 100 to 20, so nicely were a few of the sharps posted up in the speed of the nags. These gentlemen, however, did not induce many of the flats to take the large odds, and very little money was lost by the backers of Lady Franklin. These gentlemen had learned too much for profit to themselves. The horses appeared in very fine condition, and capable of making a capital race.

First Heat—Lady Collins won the pole, and took the lead at the start, going a length in front of Lady Franklin to the quarter pole in thirty-nine seconds. On the back stretch to the half-mile pole, she opened the gap to two lengths, and reached there in 1:18. Lady Collins kept a couple of lengths in front of the roan mare around the lower turn and about half way up the home stretch, when the roan broke up, and Lady Collins was taken in hand and her speed much reduced. The roan, as soon as she recovered her trot, was rallied by Peter, and dashing along quite rapidly, was up to Lady Collins before Hiram was aware of it. He had then to get the mare to the top of her speed again to win the heat, which is a very hazardous undertaking on the instant, and by the greatest chance in the world came in a winner by a throat latch only. Time 2:38.

Second Heat—The nags had a good start, but in a short time the roan broke up and fell off about three lengths to the quarter pole—time forty seconds. Lady Collins then made an astonishing burst of good speed down the back stretch, passing the half-mile pole in 1:15—making the second quarter in thirty-five seconds—and opening a wide gap on the lower turn. She was taken in hand coming up the home stretch, and came home a winner by about three lengths in 2:36½.

Third Heat—Soon after starting Lady Franklin broke up, and swerving to the left, the sulkies came in collision, and a few of the spokes in Hiram's sulky were broken ont. This, however, did not stop his progress. He got away from the roan mare as quickly as possible, and never let her come within striking distance again. Lady Collins passed the quarter pole in forty seconds, the half mile pole in 1:17, and won the heat by three or four lengths in 2:37½. The following is a summary:

THURSDAY, July 6, trotting match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H. Woodruff named br. m. Lady Collins	1 1 1
D. Pfifer named r. m. Lady Franklin	2 2 2

Time 2:38—2:36½—2:37½

The National Course Races Concluded—Sudden Death of a Virginia Trainer.

The people were again disappointed on Thursday, 7th inst., at the new National Race Course, in consequence of the races, as announced, not taking place. This was owing to the sudden death of Capt. Stewart, the trainer of Mr. Ten Broeck's horses.

Mr. Stewart was seized with an attack of the cholera, on Wednesday morning about 6 o'clock, and died about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. His remains were taken to Richmond, Virginia, for interment. The match between Little Arthur and Ellen Bateman has been postponed until the Fall meeting. The races on this Course will not be resumed until next September.

Union Course, L. I.—Trotting.

The trotting match postponed from Monday, between Lady Moscow and Lady Collins, for $900, mile heats best three in five, in harness, came off on Tuesday afternoon. The race, which was a capital one, was won by Lady Moscow. The weather was delightful and the track in good order, considering the alterations it has undergone within a month. The attendance was not so large as it was anticipated such a race would produce. All who witnessed the trot were highly delighted with the entertainment.

This is the first time Lady Collins has been beaten, and it was supposed by her backers that she could not be vanquished short of 2:30. Her defeat yesterday in the time took all her backers by surprise. She was evidently off her feet, as in no part of the race did she exhibit the speed that she has shown at times in her previous races. She was the favorite at slight odds previous to the start, and at two to one after the first heat.

FIRST HEAT.

Lady Moscow won the pole, but her driver chose the outside position. At the third attempt, they were started nicely, Collins taking the lead. Lady Moscow broke up on the upper turn, and fell off forty yards before she recovered. Lady Collins went to the quarter pole in forty-one seconds, and kept the gap open down the back stretch to the half mile, in 1:19. On the lower turn, Lady Moscow was urged, and after closing ten or fifteen yards, broke up again, but McLaughlin did not let her lose much this time, and kept her on a run until she reached the home stretch, where she resumed her trot and saved her distance. Lady Collins came home on a jog in 2:38½.

SECOND HEAT.

One hundred to fifty offered on lady Collins, and taken by the friends of Moscow, who well remembered her disposition to break in her first heat in her trots with Suffolk, Jack Rositor, and others some years ago, and who seemed confident that she would go right enough in the subsequent heats. The nags had a nice send off, and went yoked around the turn, until, getting into straight work on the back-stretch, Moscow began to show in front, and was nearly a length ahead of Lady Collins at the quarter pole, in thirty-nine seconds. Going down the back-stretch, Collins left her feet for an instant, losing another length thereby. Moscow passed the half-mile in 1:17. On the lower turn, Collins made a gallant brush for the lead, and went up close to Moscow, and lay at her wheel until she reached the home-stretch. She had then to undergo another severe trial of her metal, and Hiram exerted all his powers to force her along; but she had not the speed, and was carried off her feet. Lady Moscow won by a length, in 2:35½.

THIRD HEAT.

The betting was now done at even, the backers of Moscow more confident of her success. She took the lead, Lady Collins up, and went to the quarter pole in forty seconds, a couple of lengths in front. Lady Collins again broke up, and was half a dozen lengths behind when Moscow passed the half-mile pole. Time, 1:18. On the lower turn, she made a dash, and reached Moscow's wheel at the turn of the homestretch, where she made a gallant brush as long as she could last. She reached the head of Moscow, and hung there half way up to the stand, but she began to lose her grip and fall off at the distance stand, and Moscow came in a winner by a couple of lengths, in 2:38. It was evident that Moscow had a great deal to spare in every part of this heat.

FOURTH HEAT.

The nags went off together, Moscow gaining a trifle on the turn, and passed the quarter pole, with Collins at her wheel, in thirty-eight and a half seconds. Moscow increased her speed down the back stretch, but could not shake Collins off—she stuck to her like a leech. Time to the half, 1:16. On the lower turn Collins closed up to the head of Moscow, and they swung on the home stretch, locked together. The last quarter of a mile was a beautiful contest, and in coming up the stretch to the stand it looked very much like a dead heat; but as they neared the stand Moscow began to draw away, and Lady Collins, breaking up, lost the heat by a half a length. Time, 2:34½.

SUMMARY OF THE TIME.

Tuesday, July 11—Trotting match, $900, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

S. McLaughlin named b. m. Lady Moscow	2 1 1 1
H. Woodruff named br. m. Lady Collins	1 2 2 2

Time, 2:38½—2:35½—2:38—3:34½.

Sale of Trotting Horses.

TACONY, MAC, FRANK FORRESTER AND BARNUM SOLD.

At 12 o'clock on Tuesday, a sale of valuable horses took place at the "New York Tattersall's, in Sixth-avenue.—Nearly a thousand persons were in attendance, and the bidding was active. From twelve to fifteen horses were put up during the early part of the sale, and were bid off at prices varying from $200 to $550.

The main interest that attached to the sale was the announcement that the celebrated trotters, Mac, Tacony, Frank Forrester and Barnum would be sold under the hammer.

Mac was struck off at $4,100, to Mr. Mann, of Baltimore; Tacony was sold for $3,700, to Mr. J. G. Bevens, of this city; Frank Forrester was sold to Mr. Mann also, who paid $2,350. Barnum was withdrawn from the auction, he having been sold at private sale during the morning, for the sum of $2,850.

Two mares—a bay and a black—were put up, each being warranted to trot a mile 2:40, and together in 2:45. They were sold to Mr. Getson for $1,150.

AQUATICS.

Aquatic Sports on the Delaware.

OUR CORNER, PHILADELPHIA, July 8th, 1854.
NUMBER THREE.

DEAR CLIP:—We clip the following challenge from the Philadelphia Ledger of to-day:

"The yacht John L. Keyser, 45 feet long, will sail the David L. Wilcox or Bianca, or *any boat that can be produced*, for $500 or $1000, to sail from Kensing to Hook Buoy and back. Apply to John Potes, corner of Wood and Queen streets, Kensington."

This seems like business, and we recommend caution on the part of the accepting parties. The Keyser is an extraordinary boat, works like a top, and is quick to "get off," and in moderate weather has not her equal in speed on or off the wind. Her wily sailing master very laconically remarked to us, when catechised relative to her "going" with the wind a-beam, "Why, sir, she beats the d——l, with her main sheet blocks ten feet apart!" Now, we take this to be decisive and to the point. Mr. Steers and Mr. Fish, of New York, will please observe the aforesaid challenge, and let us hear from them soon, if not sooner—tip over, and make a match.

The small fry here away, better known as the "Mosquito Fleet," are up and doing.

First on the list is Mr. Weaks's skiff, the "Big Skimming Dish," 20 feet long. She is the scare-crow of the crowd, having taken them all down easily. Mr. W. is a young amateur builder, entirely isolated from the trade, and deserves a deal of praise. He is, besides being smart, a real gentleman. May all success attend his praiseworthy efforts.

Second on the sailing schedule is the "Saucy Little Emma," 15 feet long, and, with the above exception, makes no bones in "triming out" all the skiffs short of 22 feet. 'Tis whispered some one sporting sandy whiskers, *a la militaire*, has fallen in love with the craft as well as her namesake. Well, she is a taunt, clean, tight-made little thing—has a clean entrance, and easy clearance, is light wasted, deep in the hold, and a smooth bottom. Head rigging and "side quest" all "ataunto." She goes in stays like a pilot boat, three streaks under. The Emma is a trump.

No. 3 is the prize skiff "Flirt," 19 feet long, not out yet this year, and is for sale.

No. 4. "Will Morris," 20 feet long, Capt. Brynan, is a gay, handsome piece of wood, and, besides being a "goer," is remarkably nice. She has won several matches and regattas, and is one of the favorites.

No. 5. "Topsy," 17 feet long. Capt. Wilden. This skiff, though a home-made, ungainly structure, if put in proper trim, would rank No. 1. She was formerly called the "Jockey," and is the only boat that has ever beaten the Great Miracle, the invincible Pert, of Burlington memory. The Topsy was modeled and built by the eccentric Bobby Fitch, who will go his pile on her against any boat 17 feet or under. "Start your jib."

No. 6. "Kate Hayes," 24 feet long. This boat is only remarkable for having been beaten by the little Irma for $200. She has always, however, been in bad hands; her present owners, a club of jolly spirits, will bring time out of her if there is any in her. Her sailing master, Johnny Wright, is an old experienced hand at the tiller, *and right* cannot be *wrong*, even in a b. s.

No. 7. "Euphemia," 22 feet long, Robert M. Fitch, master, is a wholesome, comfortable and able boat, and is not destitute of speed; her sailing master "starts his jib" a "leetle" too much.

No. 8. "Whip," 14 feet long, is a small "ladle" that sails like a witch.

No. 9. "White Rose," 16 feet long. Gets along remarkably well for a boat so badly shaped and heavy. The Rose has lost its charm.

No. 10. "Flight," 13 feet long; is handled by young Guss, who works her up to nature. The lad deserves a larger boat and a faster one.

No. 11. "Reindeer," 20 feet long, an old boat lengthened. Her speed has been vastly improved *backwards*, by a new stern. She is likely to prove a *dear* boat to Capt. Weaver, the younger, though she is a Ropemaker.

No. 12. "Betsy Baker," or the "Roaring Bully," 16 feet long, *everybody*, captain, is a fast boat when securely tied to the wharf.

No. 13. "Tom Mellor," 21 feet long, Capt. Lesyea, is a good, able, sea worthy boat; has been to the Capes, and is remarkable for toating her sail. She has a bad afterbody, which is a great detriment to her speed. 'Tis said a man was scalded to death in her wake. Her greatest drawback, however, is in her rig. "Hang" her right, and she will sail well if not wefter.

We have declined noticing the Naiad for the present, not knowing exactly where to place her. Might we judge, however, by what she has done, and what her sailing master, Capt. Davis, says she will do, if not No. 1, No. 4. The Will Morris, however, stubbornly claims this position, and a match between them will doubtless be the result of it to decide the question. Skimming Dish (No. 2), is a fine little skiff, that will eventually turn out a real goer. Something is wrong about her rigging; time will correct it—we have, therefore, refrained from numbering her, at least for the present. Several new boats have just made their appearance. We shall speak of them hereafter.

Yours, truly, FLINTS.

English Sporting Items

Royal London Yacht Club Match.

Tuesday, 20th ult., having been app

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RNER, PHILADELPHIA, }
July 5th, 1854. }
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Sporting Items

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r yachts adopted by it,
rule which enforces such
measurement, previous to the sailing in every match; and in consequence of the variation in tonnage, given by this measurement, from that under which the Phantom and Thought sailed in their last match, by which the latter vessel was made to be three tons larger, some doubt seemed to have arisen in the minds of many whether the Thought would not, under the circumstances, be withdrawn, rather than give the half-minute per ton time which her adversary was entitled to; this doubt was, however, in a great measure dispelled on arriving at Erith, where both vessels were lying ready, with the springs on their cables, and their flag of battle at the mast-head; and universal was the expression of satisfaction when the Vice-Commodore, after visiting the yachts in the usual form, announced that the owner of the Phantom had generously consented to relinquish half his claim, in order to do away with any possibility of disappointment. There was at this time light and variable airs from the west, and the ebb had begun to make, but the heavens, charged with rain-clouds, wore rather a threatening appearance, and gave hopes of the breeze freshening, though it might be at the expense of wet jackets; the latter, however, fortunately for the enjoyment of the ladies, did not happen, and the yachts eventually got the wind.

The Vampire, the only boat in the second class, and which, therefore, had but to sail over the course, was lying outside, about the middle of the river, and close alongside her, the Phantom, the Thought much further in towards the Erith shore; indeed, we think she was placed too far in the bay, where so little tide runs, if there is not rather a back eddy, as there generally is in these bights. All being in readiness, the Commodore gave the signal at 12h 43m 27s P. M. for

THE START.

The Vampire was the first round and away, and, on the whole, the smartest at setting at her sails; indeed, we may notice here, that though she had no antagonist to contend against, there was not, throughout the day, the slightest remissness shown on board of her, but she was as well and as carefully sailed as though her only chance rested on coming in first.

The Phantom was the first to get her mainsail set, and the Thought quickest in having her topsail up and sheeted home, but this was done at the expense of her mainsail, which was never properly peaked throughout the day, and they might have had a bit more, too, of their throat halyards. All of them set immense balloon jibs, and, off Purfleet, the Phantom had taken a decided lead, Vampire second, with the Thought coming up, she having hardly moved at first, most likely owing to her starting so far down in the bight. The Phantom soon got up her square sail and a small jib for a square topsail, the Thought being content with a square sail only; all down the Long Reach the Phantom continued to increase her distance ahead gradually, and the Thought at length passed the Vampire. Off Grays, the breeze began to freshen somewhat, and while the Phantom was now at least a quarter of a mile in advance, the Vampire kept well up with the Thought, and after jibing in Northfleet Hope, she was so close upon her as for some time to take the wind out of her sails. Off Coal House Point, the wind again lulling, caused the Phantom to set her jib topsail, but soon after it freshened again, and she took in her square sails; about this time a sudden puff caught her, and away went her jib sheet, which most likely, in the absence of wind, had not been made sufficiently fast; she lulled up, however, very smartly, and soon made all right again. On nearing Holy Haven, the wind had almost died away, and again the Phantom set her square-sail, followed, though very slowly, by the Thought, now nearly a mile astern. Off Sheerness, the breeze again springing up, the Phantom set a smaller top-sail, and in square-sail, and this example having been followed by the others, they rounded the Nore Light-ship as follows:

	H.	M.	S.
Phantom	3	16	35
Thought	3	20	47
Vampire	3	31	31

All then stood over to the Essex shore, to take advantage of the slack in turning to windward, the tide not having yet run its course. In beating, the Thot's topsail, either from being badly set, or some other cause, acted as a back sail on every tack, and she was fast losing ground, while the Phantom was sailing most beautifully, having made herself snug on the breeze, which was now pretty fresh, by taking in her topsail and housing her topmast. At this juncture, the Thought, while standing in on the port tack, took the ground hard and fast a few cables' length to the eastward of Southend Pier. It would be useless to conceal that all throughout the match this vessel had been most slovenly sailed and badly handled, and, by running ashore at a place where the pier head made it apparent to the veriest novice that there could be no water for them, they certainly earned the crown of incapacity. The club steamer immediately went to the assistance of these "shipwrecks," and, after some delay, succeeded in getting them afloat. Off Denston Mill, the Mars steamer, with the Thought in tow, overhauled the Phantom, and, after dragging her well to windward, cast off, but in two boards the Phantom was again past her, and they came in eventually at the flag-buoy at Erith—

	H.	M.	S.
Phantom	7	37	24
Vampire	7	54	0

The Phantom was most admirably sailed, and her quickness in stays was perhaps more apparent this day than ever. The worthy Commodore presented the prizes to the winners at the conclusion of the match, and after drinking to the health of "the Queen" and "the Ladies," dancing was resumed, and the Mars, with her well-pleased freight, returned to London Bridge.—We think that at times during the match the steamboat was kept at too great a distance from the yachts.

The monthly meeting took place on Monday, at the club house, Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, when, among other business of minor importance, nineteen new members were declared duly elected, and the names of nine others were put up to be balloted for at the next meeting. The members separated at an early hour, in order to be stirring betimes to witness the match on the following day.

James Stainer and James Dawkins.

The match between these fleet and well-known pedestrains, to run one mile for £15 a side, came off on Tuesday, at the Royal Oak, Barking-road. Stainer previous to starting, had the call at 6 to 4. Shortly before six o'clock the men made their appearance, and, after "cutting to waste" some little time, toed the scratch. Both appeared in excellent condition, high spirits and sanguine of success. Upon the signal being given, they got away well together, but at no extraordinary pace; ere they had proceeded 100 yards. Dawkins, desirous of trying his adversary's metal, put on the steam, and took the lead, but by a mere trifle, as Stainer was close to his heels, and, making a rush in the back stretch in the first lap, shot ahead, and gained the front position. The struggle during the second lap was manfully maintained, Dawkins endeavoring *toto viribus* to cut his opponent down, but all in vain; he could not get away from his adversary, who stuck to him as the Old man did to Sinbad, and would not be "shaken off," and in this manner they finished the second lap. Up to this it was quite uncertain upon whom the "fickle Goddess" would bestow her favors and a gallant and determined struggle ensued between the men, but, when within 100 yards of home, Stainer, whose game is surprising, broke away from his opponent, and ran in a winner by six yards. Time 4 min. 50 sec. He can have the stakes by calling at our office on Wednesday, at two o'clock.

THE LONDON RING.

From Bell's Life in London.

Fights to Come.

July 10. Fox and Sharpe—£7 10s a side, Birmingham.

July 18. Tom Paddock and Aaron Jones—£100 a side, London.

July 18. Spooner and Donavan—£10 a side, London.

Aug. 8. Tyler and Harrington—£25 a side, London.

Sept. 5. Massey and M'Nulty—£100 a side, London.

Johnny Walker and his Backers.

On Thursday last, a jury was assembled at the Sheriff's Court, Red Lion square, to assess the damages brought by Johnny Walker, or rather John Badman (his real name, and certainly one which is far more suitable than that of Walker), against a noble viscount, to recover compensation for injuries inflicted by a letter from his lordship, which appeared in our columns, signed "Walker's Backer." It seems, that Walker's attorney had got judgment by default against his lordship, on an affidavit of service, and hence the proceedings in the Sheriff's Court. The noble defendant, however, had never been served with a writ, and had no idea that Walker was serious in his threats of taking legal proceedings, until informed by us on Friday week that judgement had been already obtained, so that he was almost unprepared to meet the charge brought against him. As soon as he found that Walker was in earnest, a respectable firm were instructed to take the matter in hand, and Mr. Edwin James, Q. C., was retained to appear at the Sheriff's Court on his behalf. On the case being called on that learned gentleman did not appear, being, we believe, engaged at Westminster in some case of importance, and as the Jury declined to wait, the learned under Sheriff, at the suggestion of Mr. Robinson, the counsel for Walker, adjourned the case for a fortnight. Mr. Robinson hinted that possibly an arrangement might be entered into or a compromise effected in the meantime, but we think we may venture to assert that on the part of the noble defendant, at least, no idea of compromise will be entertained for a moment. His lordship is satisfied that the whole proceeding has been got up by Walker, in the hope of extorting money from him, and has made up his mind to resist to the last. The court was crowded by the most respectable of the pugilistic profession, including Owen Swift, Jem Burn, Massey, &c. &c. all ready, if called on, to prove that the publication of the letter referred to had no effect on Walker's business, and we understand that the brewer who put him into the house was also ready to give similar testimony. The pugilists generally are so disgusted at the part Walker has played throughout the piece that every member of the profession who has the slightest regard for himself and his patrons has forsworn further intircourse with him. For this he has himself alone to thank. Had he behaved as a man when he made the match with Hayes, and done his best to win, he may be assured that whatever had been the result he would have been in a far better position than he can now ever hope to lay claim to. Our own opinion now is that he never intended to fight, and that his heart, originally very small has shrunk to an unheard of extent during his long secession from the Ring, and that, however largely he may talk when he has no antagonist before him, it will always be found when collared that he is one of the greatest cowards that ever pretended to the character of a pugilist. As for the letter which appeared in our columns being a libel and inflicting injury on him in his business as a publican, that we are sure is all "moonshine." The very fact of his shuffling out of the match with Hayes in the manner he did was quite sufficient to ruin him with "the fancy," among whom alone he had a right to look for support.

PADDOCK AND POULSON.—The seventh deposit of £10 a side for this match was made at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho, on Thursday last. The eighth, of £10 a side, is to be made at Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air-street, Piccadilly, on Thursday week, the 29th inst. We have received the £20 staked in the hands of Mr. Ledger.

CONTRACTOR AND LOCKYER.—This match is off, Lockyer having forfeited at the last deposit. It appears that he was apprehended on Sunday, for deserting his wife, and has since been committed to gaol until he pays a sum of money ordered by the magistrates.

HARRINGTON AND TYLER.—Another deposit of 50s a side for this match was made on Tuesday last. The next is to be staked at Jemmy Welsh's, George, East Harding-street, Farringdon-market, on Tuesday next.

MASSEY AND M'NULTY.—We have received the second deposit of £5 a side for the match between Massey and Dan M'Nulty. The third of £5 a side is to be forwarded next Tuesday.

SPOONER AND DONOVAN.—The second deposit between these men is to be made at Jack Smith's, Royal Oak, Bradmore, Hammersmith, on the 20th inst., (Tuesday next.)

T. Rafferty and Young Riley (both of Birmingham) were matched to fight for £10 a side, but the match is off, Riley having forfeited.

SAYERS TO LANGHAM.—Tom Sayers is very anxious for another shy in the P. R. He is much annoyed at seeing the words "Champion of the middle weights," attached to any name but his own, and wishes to have another shy with Nat Langham, at catch weight, for a moderate stake, say $200 a side. He will be at his own house, the Bricklayers' Arms, Camden Town, on Wednesday evening next, at eight o'clock, to make a match with Nat, or any other comer, who may fancy him, at or about his weight. He would, of course, prefer Langham, and if he does not pick up the gauntlet, Tom will consider that he (Langham) has retired, and will himself claim the championship.

Young Donnelly is surprised that Mr. Wibrow should challenge him for £5, as he (Wibraw) well knows that he is in a good situation; if he will make it £10 a side he will accept his challenge.

Patsy Daley will fight Cooper the Baker or Baker of Chatham at catch weights, or Dick Ellis, or Jesse Hatton, for £25 a side. Money ready next Tuesday night, at George Brown's, the Prince Albert, Lower Whitecross-street, St. Luke's.

WILKINSON AND BOURNE.—We have received £10 from a Mr. Tinsley, being the first deposit for a fight between two men named Wilkinson and Bourne, for £25 a side. Mr. Tinsley requests us to draw up articles, but this we must decline, as our hands are too full of business. If he sends us a stamped envelope and six postage stamps we will send him a blank form of articles according to the new rules of the Ring.

A match has been made between Sam Pollard and Richard Reddiford, to fight for £5 a side on the 11th of July, on the home circuit. The next deposit of £1 a side was to be made at Mr. Bunyan's, Hand in Hand, London-road, South wark, last night, where Reddiford takes a benefit on the 28th inst.

SPOONER AND DONOVAN.—Another deposit of £2 a side for this match was made on Tuesday at Jack Smith's, Royal Oak, Bradmore, Hammersmith; the third is to be made at Mr. Beverley's, Coopers' Arms, West-street, Smithfield, on Tuesday next.

TYLER AND HARRINGTON.—Another deposit of £2 10s a side for this match, was made at Jemmy Welsh's, on Tuesday. The next is to be made at Mr. Vassar's, Green Dragon, Halfmoon-st., Bishopsgate, on Tuesday next.

NICK HANNIGAN AND TOPPER BROWN. These men were matched at Bill Hayes's, Crown, Cranbourne-passage, for £25 a side, at 9st 4lb, last week.—They meet again to-morrow, at the same house, to draw articles.

DONNELLY AND CROCKETT.—Ned Donnelly and George Crockett are to meet on Wednesday, at Bill Hayes's, Crown, Cranbourne-passage, to make a match for £100 a side.

MASSEY AND M'NULTY.—We have received a further deposit of £5 a side for this match. The next is to be forwarded on Thursday.

"LANGHAM TO SAYERS."—Nat Langham is surprised at Tom Sayers's want of temper, and regrets his being "much annoyed" at the words "Champion of the Middle Weights," appearing on Nat's lamps. The way to remove these "eye sores" will be by purchase, say a "*moderate* sum," £200 or £300. His agent may be found at Bells's Life office, or at Nat Langham's own house, Cambrian Stores, Castle-street, Leicester-square, ready to receive a deposit for removal of these very disagreeable illuminators. Sayers has promised to be at our office on Friday next, between two and three, to make a match.

R. Brettle, who never won more than £1, will fight Jerry Noon, for £100 a side. Noon to be 9st 4lb and Brettle 9st 12lb; or Jones, of Portsmouth, at 9st 12lb each, £100 a side. If a deposit is sent to us, and articles to Brettle, at Mr. James Parkinson's, White Horse Inn, Ashted-row, a match can be made. To weigh on the morning of fighting. Brettle will take £5 of either to fight in the London district.

Billy Waldron will make a match with Harry Orme's Novice (the Sawyer,) at catch weight, for £10 or £20 a side. Money ready at Mr. J. Wybrow's Catherine Wheel, Bishopsgate. Young Knocker will fight any lad, at 8st or 8st 2lb, for £10 or £20 a side.

Jack Keefe will accommodate Jess Hatton at his own weight, or Dick Ellis at his own weight, or Nick Hannigan at 9st 6lb. A match can be made at J Vassar's, Green Dragon, Halfmoon-st., Bishopsgate, on Tuesday next. Any of these men can insure a match for £50 a side.

Dan Collins will make a match with George Sims at his own weight (10st 7lb), for £25 a side. Money ready on Tuesday next at Mr. Lansdale's, Rising Sun, Fair-street, Horselydown.

Ned M'Cale will fight any man in London, at 8st 10lb, who has never fought for more than £10, for £15 a side. Money ready at the Bee Hive, 66 King-street, Borough.

Barry will fight any man in the world at 9st, give and take a pound or two, for £100 a side. Money ready at Jemmy Welsh's, George, East Harding-street, Farringdon Market.

George Baker will shortly be in London from the Continent, ready to fight Dick Ellis or Jesse Hatton, at their own weight, for £30 or £50 a side.

Regatta on Charles River.

From the Boston Evening Transcript, July 5.

A regatta took place on the 4th on Charles river, between Braman's baths and the Brookline and Cambridgeport bridge. The first race was by dorys rowed by one man, and the six following boats entered: the James Nesbit, J. A, Knowlton, John Brown, of Swamscott; Flash, Pirate, Topsy. The distance around the coast was called three miles, and the dorys were to row once round. The first prize, of a $75 silver cup was won by the Topsy, rowed by W. D. W. Allen, in 30 minutes and 55 seconds. The second prize of a silken American standard, was won by the Pirate, rowed by Augustus Buffington, in 31 minutes. The John Brown came in in 32 minutes, but the other boats withdrew. The time of starting was 7 minutes and 50 seconds past 4 o'clock.

The Club boat race commenced at 5 min., 30 sec. past 5 o'clock to go round the course twice, making the distance of six miles. The boats entered were the Gen. Sarsfield, 8 oars; T. F. Meagher, 8; Stranger, 6; Young America, 4; Star, 4; Ripple, 4; Petrel, 4; Pirate, 2. Immediately on starting, the Meagher broke an oar, which was instantly replaced, and the boat was very soon discovered to be shooting ahead, which position it held during the race. The Meagher, Sarsfield, Stranger, and Star, made the first round in good time and in gallant style, the other boats having withdrawn. The Meagher finally came in in 42 min. and 5 sec., winning the first prize of a $100 silver cup. The Sarsfield was 46 min. 30 sec.; the Stranger, 46 min. 45 sec., and the Star, 49 min. 55 sec. The Stranger took the second prize of a $50 silver cup. An allowance of 15 seconds per oar was made for the smaller boats.

The Five Mile Race Forfeited.

THE $900 TROTTING MATCH POSTPONED. THE GREAT TROT BETWEEN JACK WATERS AND LADY BROOKS.—A TWENTY MILE RACE.

Monday last was the time appointed for the great event in the history of the turf, respecting the match made several weeks ago, between the pacer Hero and the trotter Prince, five miles and repeat, for $4,000. During the past few weeks upwards of $10,000 has been staked on the result, and latterly the turf-men were betting $1,000 to $400 in favor of Prince. It appears, that since Hero paced the ten miles and repeat, last year, his speed and bottom has failed, and it being evident he could make no show with Prince, in point of speed or endurance, for a long race he was withdrawn and paid the forfeit money to the owner of the trotter. There was also a trotting match for $900 announced to take place between Lady Moscow and Lady Collins on the Union Course, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the slim attendance of the people, it was postponed until Tuesday afternoon.

The great trotting match between the celebrated horses Jack Waters and Lady Brooks will take place at the Union Course on the 18th inst.

AMUSEMENTS.

Christy's Minstrels

In this age of improvement we are ever on the look-out for something startling. The progress making in Ethiopian Minstrelsy, which has advanced to such a position as to command larger audiences than the buildings at present used for such performances will accommodate, is actually astonishing, and would scarcely be credited were the fact not so notorious. To keep up with the go-ahead spirit of the age, we hear it rumored that Mr. E. P. Christy, the first to familiarise Ethiopian Minstrely as a standard amusement with the public, is about to make some additions, alterations, &c., in the buildings so long occupied by him at No. 472 Broadway by which he may be enabled to present many novelties in the Minstrel line, beyond the capabilities of other companies. We shall inform our readers of the improvements making, from time to time.

Cinderella.

The great burlesque on this beautiful opera, as produced by the Buckleys, at once stamps the members of this fine company as good actors, as well as finished musicians. We spent an evening in their Hall last week, and were highly amused by the entire performance. Their saloon is large, and what is a desideratum in summer time, is sufficiently ventilated to give an *air* of coolnes to the audience whilst listening to the airs of Percival, Swayne and the balance of the company.

Pierce's Benefit.

Ed. Pierce, the original Pompey, takes a benefit at Christy's Opera House, 472 Broadway, on this Thursday evening, and not Wednesday, as we erroneously stated in our last. Eph. Horn, and Tom Briggs, a team in themselves, appear on the occasion, and many original novelties will be introduced. Let the friends of Pierce make the benefit a substantial one.

Close of Christy's Opera House.

The favorite spot, 472 Broadway, so long the resort of the beauty and fashion of not only New-York, but of other cities also, closes this week. This move will be regretted by the thousands who have passed so many pleasant evenings in listenning to those beautiful Ethiopian Melodies so sweetly sung by the Christy Minstrels.

Hart's Enterprise.

The Whole World Enterprise of Professor Hart is the greatest idea of the present age of enterprise. By purchasing a ticket for $1, you secure four admissions to the exhibition of the Whole World, a year's subscription to the Whole World newspaper, an excursion ticket, and a chance in a large number of valuable gifts. But few tickets remain to be sold.

"Gone in."

Barnum, who promised to resusciate the Chrystal Palace, has succeeded——in killing it. The building, with its fixtures, &c., is to be sold. The exhibition closes in October.

Perham.

A meeting of the ticket-holders in Perham's Enterprise is to take place at Castle Garden on the evening of July 27.

Closed.

Purdy's National Theatre closed for a short season on Saturday evening last.

Business Notices.

It is over.

The Seventy-eighth Anniversary of the Independance of this Republic was celebrated with more spirit than any of its predecessors. With the great desire to witness the various displays of fireworks, it is not surprising that hundreds of our citizens should have lost their hats in the great concourse of spectators assembled together; and were it not that Mr. James, the celebrated hatter, of 525 Broadway, (St. Nicholas Hotel) keeps on hand a large supply of hats, of all kinds, and at all prices, it would be a difficult matter to conjecture what course the losers might pursue. The great popularity of Mr. James as a hatter, however, dispelled all doubts and fears, and many individuals who suffered by a too close proximity to the crowds in the Park, immediately wended their way to the store of Mr. James, where they were soon covered with perhaps richer tiles than those they had lost.

The Intense Heat

On the Fourth of July will ever be remembered, by those who were exposed to the sun's rays. The rays of the sun were not only uncomfortable to bear, but many females who left home in the morning with clear and beautiful skin, returned home at evening almost frightful objects to look upon—their faces and hands were tanned nearly black, and they were otherwise disfigured. Now, the most efficacious article in existence for removing all effects of the sun, as well as freckles, blotches, &c., is Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which is composed of certain ingredients known only to the Doctor, but which have a wonderful effect in beautifying the skin. Dr. Gouraud is also the manufacturer of the Great Liquid Hair Dye, which changes the color of the hair almost instantly, without in the least injuring the skin.

The Exodus.

Fourth of July being over, our citizens are fast leaving for other parts, for cool retreats, where they can spend the warm season with more comfort than they could find in the city. Before leaving, however, many of them daily repair to the store of those great hatters, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, and purchase some of those beautiful drab and other summer hats kept on hand in their season. Not only is the excellence of the hats manufactured by these gentlemen an inducement to purchase, but the Daguerreotype likeness which is placed in the hat of each purchaser, free of charge, renders them less likely to be lost or stolen, as might otherwise be the case. The Daguerrean hats can only be had at the above stores.

Dr. Pape's Ladies Silver Pills.

These pills are approved the best remedy for female irregularities, and especially as a preventive to ladies whose health does not permit an increase of family. Sold and sent to any part of the States for one dollar, with proper directions. For consultation on diseases incident to females, apply personally or by letter. All letters treated confidentally.

Addres Dr. G. D. PAPE, 412 Broadway.

AMUSEMENTS.

Christy's American Opera House:

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The well known original, far famed and only
CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
Organized in 1842.
The first and oldest established company in existence.
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,
Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Ad mission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7¼ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Chatham street near Rosevelt.
Manager and Proprietor ..... J. H. Purdy
Treasurer ..... J. Handcock
Doors open at 6½ o'clock performance to commence at 7½.

Prices of admission,

Boxes	25 cents.
Pit	12½ "
Private Boxes	5·00

Engagement of CONY and TAYLOR, and the learned dogs, who will appear every evening this week, in some of their attractive dramas.

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.
Buckley ..... Properiotor
R. Bishop Buckley ..... Musical Director
Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

Anatomical Museum.

No. 300 Broadway.
A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form.
Open day and Evening.
Admittance 25 cents.

A Great Book.

Just published,
THE LIFE AND BATTLES OF
YANKEE SULLIVAN,
Embracing full and accurate reports of his Fights with
HAMMER LANE, BOB CAUNT,
TOM SECOR, TOM HYER,
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Together with a synopsis of his minor battles, from his first appearance in the Prize Ring until his retirement.
ALSO
The battles between
TOM HYER & COUNTRY McCLEESTER
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ALF. WALKER & JOE HOILES, THE SPIDER."
For sale by ROSS & JONES, No. 101 Nassau street, General Agents; DEXTER & BROTHER, ABBE & YATES, B. W. WINANS, and by news agents and periodical dealers throughout the United States.
PRICE 25 CTS.

COOPER HOUSE SALOON,

NO 334 BROADWAY,
Corner of Anthony Street, New-York.
BY J. A. WALNUT,
Formerly of "Live and Let Live."

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

W. O'BRYON WILL BE PLEASED to have his friends inspect his new arrangements. He has fitted up a room where the following amusements are always going on: Skittles, Knock 'ems Down, Shuffle Board, Bagatelle, Chess, Draughts or Checkers, Dominoes, &c. Also, a snug Reading-Room, with all the principal daily and weekly Newspapers, including Bell's Life. Fine old Ale also on draught. A Free and Easy, called the Odds and Ends, will meet once a week to have a social night. 590 8th Avenue, cor. 42d-st. j17

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

DR. DUPONCO'S FRENCH PERIODICAL Golden Pills, infallible in removing stoppages or irregularities of the menses. These Pills are nothing new, but have been used by the Doctor for many years, both in France and America, with unparalleled success in every case; and he is urged by many thousand ladies, who have used them, to make the Pills Public, for the alleviation of those suffering from any irregularities whatever, as well as to prevent pregnancy to those ladies whose health will not permit an increase of family. Pregnant females, or those supposing themselves so, are cautioned against using these pills while pregnant, as the proprietor assumes no responsibility after the above admonition, although their mildness would prevent any mischief to health; otherwise these pills are recommended. Full and explicit directions accompany each box.

Sold at Retail by
DE GRAFF, corner of Allen and Grand-sts.
CONCKLIN, corner of Broadway and 34th street.
HINTON, corner of 8th Avenue and 20th-st.
BELDEN, 91 8th Avenue.
SMITH, 42 Greenwich street.
And at Wholesale by
C. V. CLICKNER & Co., 81 Barclay st.
HALL, RUCKLE & Co., 220 Greenwich-st.
ALEXANDER & STEELE, 82 Barclay-st.
N. B. The Pills will be sent to any part of the City or Country by enclosing $1. Address Dr. J. DUPONCO, Broadway, Union Square or Chatham street Post Offices, New York.
Agents wanted, address as above.

BEARS, DOGS, & COONS, for SALE.

TWO VERY FINE YOUNG BEARS, male and female; likewise several fine dogs, would make excellent watch-dogs and Ratters, also a very fine Coon, 21lb weight will be sold cheap. Apply at 590 8th Avenue, corner of 42d street.

$500 REWARD.—JEFFRIES' ANtidote, a Specific Mixture for the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures and similar disorders. It makes a speedy cure, without the least restriction of diet, drink, exposure, or change in application to business. The proprietor challenges a single case which the mixture will not cure, under the forfeiture of five hundred dollars. Further—the disease cannot be contracted if a dose of the mixture is taken when exposed. It is put in bottles, with full directions, at $1. One bottle lasts a week—many are cured in two days. For sale by C. H. RING, 193 Broadway; 106 Boward st. fl1 2mos

PERHAM AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

THIRD MONSTER GIFT ENTERprise, in connection with the Exhibitions of his magnificent and immense Mirror of North and South America, the exhibitions of which commence on Monday evening, May 1st.

100,000 Tickets only, at $1 each will be sold. Each purchaser of a Ticket for the Admission of Four Persons to the Exhibition, will be presented with a numbered Certificate, entitling the holder to One Share in the following 100,000 Gifts:

A FARM, located in Harrison Township, Gloucester County, New Jersey, and within 15 miles of Philadelphia. It embraces over 100 acres of land, in a high state of cultivation, with Dwelling, Barns, and other necessary out-houses, in good repair. There is a large orchard of choice fruits. A fine water-power and good stone quarry are on the premises, the latter of which is the only one in the neighborhood, and on it the country in the immediate vicinity depend for public purposes. Title indisputable. Valued at	-	$16 000
(*Any information in regard to the Farm can be obtained of Belan Redfield, tenant on the premises.*)		
A Perpetual Loan, without security or interest,	5,000	
" " " "	2,000	
" " " "	1,000	
2 " " $500 *each*	1,000	
10 " " 100 "	1,000	
The celebrated Trotting Mare "Lilly Dale," who can trot, in harness, a mile in 2,40—valued at	1,500	
5 *Rosewood Pianos, valued at* $500 *each,*	2,500	
5 " " " 300 "	1,500	
(*A portion of the Pianos are T. Gilbert & Co's celebrated Æolians, Specimens to be seen at the store of Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, others of Hallet, Davis & Co's splendid instruments, to be seen at J. E. Gould's Piano and Music Store, 163 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.*)		
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200 Sets Ladies' Pins and Earrings, valued at	8 00	1,600
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200 Gent's Cluster Pins, valued at	5 00	1,000
1,000 Gold Rings, with settings, valued at	3 50	3,500
500 Gold Pencils, valued at	5 00	2,500
300 Gold

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

entirely out of the question. The noble lord, and the needy commoner, are both at home, after they have paid their tip for admission; and persons who enter the pit to sport a crown, bet a sovereign, or to put down their pounds, are too much interested upon the Main, to consider who they may chance to 'rut against' for the time being. Etiquette has nothing to do with a Cockpit; and a master of the ceremonies would have a troublesome time of it, to keep any thing like order; yet, nevertheless, persons of the first rank in society are to be met with in a cockpit. During the intervals, which occur between the battles, the M. P. may be seen conversing with his friend respecting the success of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords on the preceding evening; and, on the other side of the pit, the commoner may be viewed equally as happy amusing his pals with a bit of a flash chant just to fill up the leisure time:

A saucy rolling blade am I,
I keep a donkee Dick;
Through London streets my wares I cry,
Up peck and booze to pick.

In Black-boy alley I've a ken,
A tyke and fighting cock;
A saucy, tip-slang, moon-eyed hen,
Who oft mills doll at block.

I'm known by all the deep ones well,
About Salt-petre Bank,
And always ready, prigs can tell,
To gig a Smithfield hank.

I'll race my Jack, or bait a bull,
Or fight my doodle-doo;
I'll flash a quid with any cull,
And fly a pigeon blue.

I'll back my ginger to make a hit,
My fine—my true game Cock:
The swells can't do me in the pit;
I'm down to every lock!

I'm up to all your knowing rigs,
Ye birdies queer and flash;
I'm company for scamps and prigs,
Sometimes for men of cash.

My moll oft' tips the knowing dive
When sen-crabs gang the stroll;
Unless she did how could we thrive,
And in warm flannel roll?

Cocking, at the present period, is kept up with great spirit at Newcastle, and the recent meeting of Cockers at the above place, in point of extent, exceeds every thing of the kind ever known in this country. Upwards of 200 cocks were fought, and the fighting generally good, particularly the cocks at Baglin Hill and Lockey, who all won great majorities. A remarkable circumstance occurred on the Saturday before fighting. A match was made for 20 sovs. between Parker and Reed, feeders, and won by the latter, after a hard contest. Parker's cock, however, came round so much soon after, that his party made a second match, to come off on the following Monday, for a like sum, which was again won by Reed, after a severe battle—a circumstance perhaps altogether unknown in the annals of cocking. It is also calculated that at the termination of the races, which will finish the cocking for the present season, upwards of 1000 cocks will have met with their deaths. Newcastle may, therefore, challenge all the world for cocking.

We need not be told that many persons view cock-fighting as a most cruel sport, and would feel highly disgusted with such an exhibition; while, on the contrary, thousands of characters are interested on a battle between two game cocks, beyond the power of description—lose hundreds of pounds upon a Main without a murmur, and prefer the amusement of a cockpit to the Opera, theatre, ball-room, or any other amusement that can be mentioned:—

What is it that impels mankind
To stretch the procreative mind,
By this, or that thing, joy to find?
MY FANCY!

In the Racing Calendar it will be perceived, that cocking generally accompanies the diversion of the Course; and also accounts of the Mains of cocks fought at Cheltenham, Chester, Gloucester, Norwich, Newcastle, Lancaster, Preston, Stamford, &c., and that amongst its patrons will be found the venerable Earl of Derby, Sir William Wynne, Ralph Benson, Esq., —— Bellyse, Esq., and numerous other gentlemen cockers in different parts of the kingdom. In the Metropolis and environs there are several cock pits, but the head quarters of the sport is the pit in Horse Ferry Road, Westminster. The cocking, in London, generally commences soon after Shrove tide.

We shall now give a description of a London cockpit and its frequenters, with some touches at character by an amateur:—

"I was sitting, some evenings ago, in my room, at the first coming of the twilight, which in our Albany rooms is fond of paying early visits—my head was indolently hung back upon the red morocco top of my easy chair, and my hands were hung like two dangling bell ropes over each arm of my seat—and in this position I was ruminating on many things of little moment. I had thus leaned back in my chair, and resigned myself to the most luxurious idleness—a kind of reading made easy—when a knuckle, knocking at my door, intimated the arrival of some impatient visitor—and before I could muster voice enough to give Tate Wilkinson's direction of "Come in!" the tooth of my door-lock was wrenched, and Tom Owen, with a newspaper in his hand, dashed in—and at once stood astounded, with his white hat elevated on his forehead—admiring my amazing stupor.

"Why Edward! Edward Herbert! Asleep, by all that's sublime! There he sits, deaf to time! Edward, I say! Come bolt up from the morocco! I have news for your two no-thoroughfare ears, which ought to make you as lively as an eel with half his waistcoat off! Here," said he, smacking a creased and dingy newspaper, with an air of vehement exultation—"here is that which will be life itself to you!" I closed my book-mind quietly, or doubled it up, as Tom would say, and raising myself with difficulty into an erect posture—rubbed my eyes, unerossed my tingling legs (which were just beginning to wake out of a nap,) and begged, through the archway of a yawn, to know what this very sprightly piece of news consisted of. Tom pulled, or rather tossed off his hat, nodded to me a nod more eloquent than speech, and tipping an acute wink out of the left corner of his little impudent grey eye—proceeded at once to read aloud from the first column of the newspaper. He pronounced one word with an emphasis the most pointed—cocking! —and then paused to let loose wink the second, which, if possible, was more charged with mystery than the former—"cocking!—there Edward!" continued he—"there! cocking—at the Royal Cockpit, Tufton street, Westminster!—there," and then he went strictly through a formal advertisement,—touching—"on the main,"—and "byes" and "feeders"—and "gentlemen of Norwich," and "a deal of skimble-skamble stuff," which for the life of me I could not then retain, and therefore cannot now repeat.

"When Tom had finished his formal information, he very readily and clearly, at my request, divested the announcement of its technicalities, and explained to me, that on such a day, being the morrow, a grand main of cocks was to be fought at the Royal Cockpit, at which, for 5s the head (certainly not the heart), a man might be present. It required little of my volatile friend's rhetoric to induce me to promise my attendance, as I had never been present at any thing of the kind, higher than a full-feathered blustering skirmish of a couple of huge-combed, red-ruffled, long-tailed dunghills, amid a wilderness of poultry, in a farm-yard. I had seen no clean fighting—no beautiful sparring in silver—no blood-match! as Tom earnestly describes it. I was the more induced to accede to his request of accompanying him, from learning that he could introduce me to Mr. D——, one of the principal breeders of game cocks—a gentleman of the most winning manners—and one who could and would describe to me the characters present, and procure for me the sight of the coops and pens, where the birds were fed and kept previously to the day of battle.

"I begged Tom Owen would by some means get me a sight of any book upon cocking, as I was extremely desirous of going to the scene of war with as much ready-made knowledge as I could, in the short time allowed me, acquire. He said, he himself had a tidy little work upon the subject, which would let me into the whole art of breeding, trimming, matching, and betting—but that he would apply to his friend Mr. D——, who would inform him if there were any more erudite and desirable books on the sport. I gladly availed myself of Tom's pamphlet, and to my pleasure (certainly not to my surprise) he pulled it from his coat pocket, and laid it down quietly on my table. We arranged all things for our meeting the next day—and it was settled that he should call upon me, and that I should be ready for him by half-past one o'clock.

"I moralised in a lack-a-daisical manner, for about half an hour, upon the vices and backslidings of this life, and then betook myself to "The Directions for Breeding Game Cocks, with Calculations for Betting," and passed the evening in cultivating an acquaintance with "moulting," "clutches of eggs," "stags," "long-law," "fighting in silver," and the like:—and long before the clock of St. James's church had timed eleven to the drowsy hackney-coachmen and watchman of Piccadilly, I was fit to sit "at the mat," and risk my "guinea on Nash."

I think I cannot do better than treat you, Russell, in the same manner that I treated myself—and I shall, therefore, pick my way daintily through the book which Tom lent me (a neat little olive-colored pamphlet, and writ in a friendly Waltonish tone,) and thus prepare you, in some measure, for the cockpit itself, to which, by your favor, I mean to introduce you.

And first, as to the choice of a bird. Observe, Russell, how many points must be attended to:—

As to the exterior qualifications, his head should be thin and long, or if short, very taper: with a large full eye, his beak crooked and stout, his neck thick and long (for a cock with a long neck has a great advantage in his battle, particularly if his antagonist is one of those kind of cocks that will fight at no other place but the head;) his body short and compact, with a round breast (as a sharp breasted cock carries a great deal of useless weight about him, and never has a fine forehand;) his thighs firm and thick, and placed well up to the shoulder (for when a cock's thighs hang dangling behind him, be assured he never can maintain a long battle;) his legs long and thick, and if they correspond with the color of his beak, I think it a perfection; and his feet should be broad and thin, with very long claws.

With regard to his carriage, he should be upright, but not stiffly so; his walk should be stately, with his wings in some measure extended, and not plod along as I have seen some cocks do, with their wings upon their backs like geese.

As to the color he is of, I think it immaterial, for there are good cocks of all colors; but he should be thin of feathers, short and very hard, which is another proof of his being healthy; as, on the contrary, if he has many, soft and long, it favors much of his having a bad constitution.

Remember, that a cock with all this stoutness of beak, length, and thickness of leg, rotundity of breast, "fine forehead," firmness of neck, and extent of wing, ought to weigh no more than 4lb 8 or 10oz. If he happens to have an ounce or two more in his composition, he is out of the pale of uncivil society, and is excluded by all match makers "from fighting within the articles." A bird, to be a bird "fit for the white bag, the trimmed wing, the mat, and the silver spur," must be "high upon leg, light fleshed, and large boned; but still no more than 4lb 8 or 10oz. Do not forget this."

The art is to teach in classes, and to reconcile as many at a time as is practicable, to their growing duties. It is surely pleasant to be safely instructed how to bring up a chicken in the way it should go. The amateur writes—

"I have heard many persons declare, who could have had no experience in breeding fowls, that they did not think it necessary that a hen should be confined while her chickens were young, and had just sense enough to say, that nature never designed it; but let me tell those naturalists (naturals I may call them), if a hen should lay a clutch of eggs secretly in January, as it is not uncommon for young hens to lay in that month and sit upon them, consequently, if there are any chickens hatched, it must be in February, when if she is not taken in doors, but left to range where she pleases, I am confident that the cold northerly winds and wet weather, which are usual at that season of the year, will destroy every one of them."

The little playfulness in the parenthesis, which is like the flirt of the cock's wing, gratifies me much. The shrewdness at the end of the next direction is, however, of a higher order—it is the cut of the spur. It is curious to observe how man's wit is fashioned and colored by the subject of which it treats. The very style is cock-like! It is indeed well concocted!

"Be sure also that they do not drink any soap suds, or get to any filthy place, for if they do, it engenders distempers in them which very often turn to that fatal one the roup, a disease for which I have heard many remedies, but never found any so effectual as breaking their necks."

Now, to prevent their fighting from being attended with such disagreeable consequences, after they have begun, divide them into as many parties as you can find separate apartments, leaving the strongest upon the ground, and when these have fully established their authority over each other (which you make them do in the course of two days, by holding which you find the weakest in your hand, and buffeting him with your handkerchief while the other strikes him, and, if this won't do, confine him without victuals for a few hours, until he is cold, when, being stiff and sore, and the other fresh, after a blow or two he will not attack him again), you may put down the strongest from one of the parties that are shut up, who, by being kept short of food, will submit directly to run under all those that are down; and, when they are so far reconciled as to permit him to run amongst them, put down the strongest from another party, which will submit in the same manner, and, by pursuing this method, in the course of a few days you will be able to get them all down. When once settled, they will go very peaceably together, except by accident one of them should get disfigured, which, if such a thing should happen, and they do not seem to be perfectly reconciled, send him to another walk for fear of a general quarrel.

The author is very particular in recommending you cautiously to try your stags (which are young cocks "and such small deer!") "Now permit me to recommend you to transact the business relative to trying your stags, without mentioning it even to the person that feeds them."

One more quotation, and I lay aside the book. It is an anecdote, Russell,—or such the author calls it. He is reasoning, "beak and heel," against relying upon cocks in a second battle, however courageous and victorious they may have proved themselves in their first fight. He says, a bird is almost sure to receive some hurt, which neither time, training, nor feeding can make him forget, when he comes "to be touched" a second time. A slight hurry (or hurl) is often remembered.

I recollect a circumstance (says this circumstantial artist) of this kind happening to a neighboring gentlemen, who, having entered into an agreement to fight a week's play, at a very short notice, and not being able to get a sufficient number of cocks he could depend upon, had the temerity to weigh in some of his own stags, of about ten or eleven months old, and it so happened that one of them had to fight against the cock the other party depended most upon winning; but after a doubtful and bloody contest for near half an hour, contrary to the opinions of every one present, the stag came off victorious, which so elated his master, that he sent him to one of his best walks to run till the next season; but what was very extraordinary, he moulted from a dark red to a very light ginger pile. This strange metamorphose we were totally at a loss to account for, when we were informed by a person who spoke pertinently on the subject, that it was owing to his having been so severely handled in his battle; that he had seen two or three instances of the same kind; and at the same time advised my friend never to fight him again, for it was almost reduced to a certainty that he would be beat if he happened to fall in weight with a good cock. But this piece of advice my friend did not attend to, having him weighed in the very next match he made, and in which he was killed, making hardly any defence, although as well able to fight with regard to the feeding part, as it was possible for a cock to be.

In fighting a match the author recommends a carefulness in the choice of a feeder (the person who is to give the bird his last training food, and care), and of a setter-to (the second, in fact, of the cock in battle.) There are good and bad feeders—and good and bad setters-to. "I have seen" says the writer, "many of the latter, who do not know when a cock wants rest, and when he should be made to fight."

So much for the little learned tract which Tom put into my hands! The moment he left me I turned to my bookshelves, and among several old and curious volumes, I fortunately dropped upon the Court and City Gamester, a rare little store-house of knowledge for those who would become masters in the arts of whist, racing, tick-tack, ombre, archery, brag, bankafalet, put and cocking. The style "eats short" as old ladies say of Threadneedle street biscuits; and, to show you how differently the same subject may be treated by different writers, I shall copy out this ancient artist's picture of a game cock, "as he ought to be—not as he is!" You will at once detect the hand of a gentleman, a cocker, and a scholar in the work.

His head ought to be small, with a quick, large eye, and a strong back, and (as master Markham observes) must be cockt and big at the setting on, and in color suitable to the plume of his feathers, whether black or yellow, or reddish &c. The beam of his leg must be very strong, and, according to his plume, blue, grey, or yellow; his spurs rough, long and sharp, a little bending, and looking inward.

His color ought to be either gray, yellow, or red, with a black breast; not but that there are many other colored piles very excellent and good, which you must find out by practice and observation; but the three former, by the experience of most, are found ever the best; the pyed pile may serve indifferently, but the white and dun are rarely found good for any thing.

Note, that if your cock's neck be invested with a scarlet complexion, it is a sign he is strong, lusty, and courageous; but, on the contrary, if pale and wan, it denotes the cock to be faint, and in health defective.

You may know his courage by his proud, upright standing, and stately tread in walking; and, if he croweth very frequently in the pen, it is a courageous demonstration.

His narrow heel, or sharpness of heel, is known no otherways than by observation in fighting, and that is when upon every rising he so hits that he extracts blood from his opponent, gilding his spurs continually, and every blow threatening immediate death to his adversary.

The whole essay is admirable; but I shut the book of science, contenting myself and you with extracting only the following—

EXCELLENT AND ELEGANT COPY OF VERSES UPON TWO COCKS FIGHTING, BY DR. R. WILD.

No sooner were the doubtful people set,
The match made up, and all that would had bet;
But strait the skilful judges of the play
Brought forth their sharp heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they died, to have their winding-sheet.
Into the pit they're brought, and, being there
Upon the stage, the Norfolk Chanticleer
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe,
And like a challenger began to crow,
And clap his wings, as if he would display
His warlike colors, which were black and grey.
Meantime the wary Wisbich walks and breathes
His active body, and in fury wreathes
His comely crest, and, often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground.
This done they meet, not like that coward breed
Of Æson; these can better fight than feed;
They scorn the dunghill, 'tis their only prize
To dig for pearls with the each other's eyes.
They fought so nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,
To th' skilful, whether they did fight, or no;
If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,
Had not bore witness of't. Yet fought they more;
As if each wound were but a spur to prick
Their fury forward. Lightning's not more quick,
Or red, than were their eyes: 'Twas hard to know
Whether 'twas blood or anger made them so
I'm sure they had been out, had they not stood,
More safe, by being fenced in with blood.
Thus they vy'd blows; but yet (alas!) at length,
Altho' their courage were full try'd, their strength
And blood began to ebb. You that have seen
A watry combat on the sea between
Two angry, roaring, boiling billows, how
They march, and meet, and dash their curled brow;
Swelling like graves, as tho' they did intend
T'intomb each other e'er the quarrel end;
But when the wind is down, and blust'ring weather,
They are made friends, and sweetly run together;
May think these champions such; their blood, grows low;
And they, which leap'd before, now scarce can go;
Their wings, which lately, at each blow they clapp'd,
(As if they did applaud themselves) now flapp'd
And having lost th' advantage of the heel,
Drunk with each other's blood, they only reel:
From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
As if they wept them for their funeral.
And yet they fain would fight; they came so near,
Methought they meant into each other's ear
To whisper wounds; and when they could not rise,
They lay and look'd blows int' each other's eyes.
But now the tragic part! After this fit,
When Norfolk cock had got the best of it
And Wisbich lay a dying, so that none,
Tho' sober, but might venture sev'n to one;
Contracting, like a dying taper, all
His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind,
And now poor Norfolk, having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by antipathies:
With him (alas!) the proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes ne'er saw, his heart must rue.
At length, by chance, he stumbled on his foe,
Not having any pow'r to strike a blow.
He falls upon him with his wounded head,
And makes his conqu'ror's wings his feather bed.

Tom Owen called punctually on the day, and at the appointed hour, dressed up dutifully for the sport, and well fitted to rival a horse-dealer or a groom—yet with a loose-hung gentility about him, that just left it a matter of doubt whether you ought to ask him into your drawing-room or your stable. We took our way across the park with hasty, eager feet, and were with very little difficulty soon conducted to the door of a dull, old-fashioned building in Tufton street, Westminster, around which were sauntering a sprinkle of old gentlemen, old hackney-masters, old sportmen, old leathern-breeches, old top-boots, old canes, old nondescripts: all that was strange and vitiated, and extravagant in age seemed collected about this spot; and I could not but remark how few I saw of the young, the rakish, and the depraved, present at a sport which was cruel enough for excitement, and uncertain enough for the purposes of gambling. One or two solitaries of a youthful appearance dangled about as half in shame and half in curiosity; but I detected none of the enthusiastic bustle, none of the wildness, spirit, and pleasure which light up "young bloods" at other of the ancient and rude sports of this country. One very respectable and aged gentleman on erutches struggled his way on the unmolested pavement to the door, as though the fires of his youth would not go out, and accident or disease could not warn him to subside into the proprieties of his years. The doors were at length opened, and we paid our entrance money, and received the check for admission. This check was cast in pewter, and had the figure of a fighting-cock embossed upon it. But we entered the pit!

The cock-pit is a large, lofty, and circular building, with seats rising, as in an amphitheatre. In the middle of it is a round matted stage, of about eighteen or twenty feet diameter, as nearly as my eye can measure it, and rimmed with an edge eight or ten inches in height, to keep the cocks from falling over in their combats. There is a chalk ring in the centre of the matted stage, of perhaps a yard diameter, and another chalk mark within it, much smaller, which is intended for the setting-to, when the shattered birds are so enfeebled as to have no power of making hostile advances towards each other. This inner mark admits of their being placed beak to beak. A large and rude branched candlestick is suspended low down, immediately over the mat, which is used at the night battles.

When we entered there were very few persons in the pit; for, as the gentlement of the match were not seated, the principal followers of the sport were beguiling the time at a public-house opposite the cockpit. A tall, shambling, ill-dressed fellow was damping the mat with a mop, which he constantly dipped in a pail of water, and sparingly, and most carefully sprinkled around him. This was to make it soft for the birds, and to prevent their slipping. We took our seats at the foot of a flight of stairs that went up into one of the coaps—judging that that would be the best spot for seeing as much as was to be seen. There are two "tiring rooms"—of course for the separate sides. One room, or more properly, coop, is up the flight of stairs I have mentioned; the other is beneath it, and has its entrance without the pit. At this time my friend Tom's friend, Mr. D——, arrived, and I was introduced to him at once. He was a young man (I was almost sorry for this, because it untied a theory of mine, respecting the sport being a propensity of age only, owing, as I had settled it, to its being easy of enjoyment, a sedentary amusement, not troublesome to the beholders, cruel enough to stir the blood, and open to money-stakes like a game of cards; played in fact at the table and under shelter. However, my theory is foolish). Mr. D——, as I said, was young, he was also lusty, fresh-colored, cheerful; open as day in his manners and in his conversation; and free from that slang slyness which generally characterises the sporting man. Tom told him that I was anxious to see and know all I could, and he immediately opened to me the curiosities of the place, with a lively liberty, and a power of description, which I wish in my heart I could have caught from him. Seeing that he was thus so pleasantly minded, I began boldly at the beginning, and begged to know something of the rules and regulations of cocking. He turned to at them, in high feather, on the instant.

The birds, Russell (I am saying after him), are weighed and matched—and then marked and numbered. The descriptions are carefully set down in order that the cock may not be changed, and the lightest cocks fight first in order. The key of the pens, in which the cocks are set and numbered, is left on the weighing-table on the day of weighing, or the opposite party may, if he pleases, put a lock on the door. The utmost possible care, in short, is taken that the matched birds shall fight, and no substitutes intruded.

Mr. D—— next gave me a very particular description of the modes of setting-to—of terminating difficult battles—of betting—and of parting the entangled birds; but as I really could not very clearly follow his rapid and spirited explanation, and as I am about to relate to you a battle as I myself saw it, I will not detain you here with my imperfect detail of his very perfect description.

But before the birds are pitted, Mr. D——'s account of a few of the characters must not be omitted. I cannot at all give you them in colors, as my new friend dashed them off; but I will follow him in a respectful Indian-ink, and at a distance; and you must make the most you can of what I am able to afford you.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Fast Horse.

Uncle P., an inveterate horse-dealer, in expatiating upon the merits of a favorite animal which he wanted to sell, said, "She is four years old this spring, is in good condition, looks well, and is a first rate mare; and she can go a mile in 2.20, were it not for *one thing!*" "Well, what is it?" was the query.—"That mare," resumed the jockey; "is in every way a good piece of property. She has a heavy mane, switch-tail, trots square and fair, and yet there is *one thing* only why she can't go a mile in 2:20." "What in the Old Harry is it then!" cried the amateur impatiently. "The distance is too great for the time," was the old wag's reply

DR. GEORGE W. BOND'S VEGETABLE Strengthening Bitters.—The proprietor of this article in offering it to the public, offers it as a medicine that has been used by his father, in an extensive practice of twenty years, with the most wonderful success, being purely vegetable and free from all powerful stimulants. Mild in their operations, they strengthen and invigorate, instead of prostrating the system, allaying all irritability and nervous condition of the system, being a speedy and permanent cure for all diseases arising from a disordered state of the system, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Palpitation of the Heart, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions, and for all weaknesses of the organs of generation; an antidote for all diseases incident to females, Fluor Albus or Whites, and particularly at that critical period, the turn of life. They give new life and vigor to the whole system. No family that values life and health, should be without them in their house. Persons going on long voyages, will find them an excellent article to take with them, as they are a sure remedy, always giving relief. The great demand for this article at my office, and by the advice of a number of the medical profession, has induced me to put it before the public. A trial of one single bottle will satisfy any person, even the most doubtful, that it is truly what is represented to be. The above article is put up in half pint bottles, and put in square boxes with full directions, and the manufacturer's name written on each label. Price $1 per bottle. None genuine unless put up in the above manner; and the box goes with the bottle, in all cases. Manufactured and sold by GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,
Son and Successor to Dr. Geo. W. Bond.
Principal Depot, No 680 Orchard, cor. of Grand street; and No. 77 Suffolk street, New York.
Wholesale Agent, WILLIAM S. DUNHAM, No. 476 Broadway, white front, between Broome and Grand, New York.
And for sale at all Drug Stores throughout the city Mar 4

MEDICAL ADVISER
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For certainty and celerity they are unapproached, and for an entire eradication of the subtle seeds of venereal disease nothing else can positively be relied upon. Tested we might almost say in millions of cases, and found to be the only reliable anchor.
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DR. WARE: Sir—I had tried the medicines prescribed by seven different physicians before I applied to you. Your medicines cured me in five days. I can never discharge my obligations to you. W. I.
Upwards of 10,000 cases like the above could be referred to. Others talk Dr. Ward's cures. No failures. His charges are moderate, only for the medecine, $15 to guarantee a cure of Gonorrhœa. The same for curing Syphilis, Seminal Weakness, General Debility Impotence, &c.—Those who cannot afford so much, inclose $10 $5, or $1, according to their ability. $1 per vial. Packages sent to all parts of the world. An answer returned the moment a letter is received, medicines accompanying, all contained in a strong box.
A CURE FOR A CERTAIN DISEASE IMMEDIATELY!—By the newly discovered astounding and unparalleled remedies, the most important Medical Invention relative to the Disorders of Modern Times. Admitted to the most wonderful contributions of science to the cure of disease. DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S FRIEND, and other amazing remedies. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York; nowhere else. Now universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, as the easiest, safest, and speediest remedies discovered for those diseases; cure in 12 hours if the disease is recent, and never requires more than a few days. To terminate and eradicate thoroughly the most obstinate and protracted discharges from the Urethra, no matter how long its continuance or what may have been tried previously.
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In a week after receiving the medicines, my patients write. Dear Doctor, accept my warm felt thanks; your medicines have cured me; they are delightful as well as certain. No danger of discovery by having the remedies sent, as (unless otherwise ordered) they are directed to be kept at the depot till called for. Within one two or three days after writing to us, according to the distance from New York, the patient will be certain of receiving our reply, and the remedies to cure him at the same time. Then the afflicted will rejoice. The medicines are securely put up in a box, and make a compact and portable package, strong, not liable to damage or to excite curiosity If anything is broken or damaged in carriage, (which, however, very rarely happens) I invariably make it good when informed of it. No delay in receiving an answer. Distance makes no difference. I cure more than 20,000 every year in different cities, and they all receive their medicines through the mails or by express. Ample directions accompany each remedy and article to be used, so that no mistake can be made.
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TO FEMALES EXCLUSIVELY.
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These CELEBRATED PILLS are safe and certain remedies for all SUPPRESSIONS OR IRREGULARITIES, and also for other delicate diseases peculiar to females both married and single. The PILLS possess a remarkable power, and when taken according to directions, produce the most surprising yet gratifying results.
☞ A competent medical adviser will always be in attendance to wait on those who wish for a CONFIDENTIAL CONSULTATION.
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Sir—Having occasion to use some medicines for SUPPRESSIONS, I went to a certain doctor to purchase a box of pills, (purporting to be females pills) and paid him $10. I took the medicine, or rather poison, (for so it proved to be) according to his directions, and soon found myself in the most violent pain, attended with spasms and fever, which continued to grow worse until I took an emetic, which alone saved my life, yet I had not gained the object for which I took the medicine. A lady who waited on me said she had used your FRENCH "LUNAR PILLS," and they answered her purpose fairly.
She advised me try to them, and accordingly I wish you would send me what you think sufficient for my case.
RHEUMATISM.
Mr. Granger, a mason well known in Brooklyn, was a cripple for nine years